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AT THE STATION ON AN AUTUMN MORNING, ETC.

AT THE STATION ON AN AUTUMN MORNING.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOSUE CARDUCCI.

LAMP after lamp how the lights go trooping,
Stretching behind the trees, dreamily yonder;
Through the branches adrip with the shower
The light slants and gleams on the puddles.

Plaintively, shrilly, piercingly whistles
The engine hard by. Cold and grey are the
heavens
Up above, and the Autumn morning
Ghostlike glimmers around me.

Whither and whence move the people hurrying
Into dark carriages, muffled and silent?
To what sorrows unknown are they rushing —
Long tortures of hopes that will tarry?

You too, oh fair one, are dreamily holding
Your ticket now for the guard's sharp clip-
ping —
Ah, so clips Time, ever relentless,
Joys, memories, and years that are golden.

Far-stretching the dark train stands, and the
workmen
Black-capped, up and down keep moving like
shadows;
In his hand bears each one a lantern,
And each one a hammer of iron.

And the iron they strike sends a hollow re-
sounding
Mournful; and out of the heart an echo
Mournfully answers, a sudden
Dull pang of regret that is weary.

Now the hurrying slam of the doors grows in-
sulting
And loud, and scornful the rapidly sounding
Summons to start and delay not;
The rain dashes hard on the windows.

Puffing, shuddering, panting, the monster
Now feels life stir in its limbs of iron,
And opens its eyes, and startles
The dim far space with a challenge.

Then on moves the evil thing, horribly trailing
Its length, and, beating its wings, bears from
me

My love, and her face and her farewell
Are lost to me now in the darkness.

O sweet face flushed with the palest of roses!
O starlike eyes so peaceful! O forehead
Pure-shining and gentle, with tresses
Curling so softly around it.

The air with a passionate life was a-tremble,
And summer was glad when she smiled to greet
me;

The young sun of June bent earthward
And kissed her soft cheek in his rapture.

Full 'neath the nut-brown hair he kissed her;
But though his beauty and splendor might
circle

Her gentle presence — far brighter
The glory my thoughts set around her.

There in the rain, in the dreary darkness
I turn me, and with them would mingle my
being;
I stagger; then touch myself grimly —
Not yet as a ghost am I moving.

O what a falling of leaves, never-ending,
Icy, and silent, and sad, on my spirit!
I feel that forever around me
The earth has grown all one November.

Better to be without sense of existence —
Better this gloom, and this shadow of dark-
ness.

Would I, ah, would I were sleeping
A dull sleep that lasteth forever.

H. COURTHOPE BOWEN.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THEN AND NOW.

THE sky was blue,
Our hearts were true,
Bright shone the sun that summer morn;
The birds sang sweet,
And at our feet
Lay waving fields of yellow corn.

With love and faith
As strong as death,
Without a tear we turned away;
'Tis now we weep,
At one fell sweep
Our sun is hid, our sky is gray.

For pride is strong
When hearts are young;
And bitter words that once are spoken,
Return again
With maddening pain;
And faith and vows and hearts are broken.
Chambers' Journal. MARY J. MURCHIE.

COWPER.

As o'er the hushed hills and the sleeping plain,
After long hours, the weary watcher sees
The night grow pale, and hears amid the trees
The wind that swooned at even wake again;
While one by one the starry clusters wane,
Till, lonely left, more silvery clear than these,
Mild Phosphor rules the dawn's soft mys-
teries,
Ushering in Hyperion's golden reign;
So, taking simple nature for its theme,
Thy gentle song, inspired with purpose high,
Shot through the latter dusk a welcome gleam,
Gracing afresh the realms of Poesy,
And sparkling purely with its playful beam
In herald-radiance told of Wordsworth nigh.
Spectator. HERBERT B. GARROD.

From The Nineteenth Century.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MIRRORED in the pages of James Russell Lowell, as the forests and headlands are mirrored in some far-stretching lake, are the deepest and strongest thoughts and emotions of the Transatlantic mind. Yet his name is, in the minds of many Englishmen, associated chiefly with one form of literary effort, and that not the highest, though in its way unsurpassed. We propose, therefore, to draw attention not only to "The Biglow Papers," which have made for their author a name *sui generis*, but to those writings of graver import by which he would probably prefer to be ultimately judged.

Mr. Lowell comes of an old Massachusetts family. His grandfather, the Hon. John Lowell, was one of the greatest lawyers of that State, and was described by Mr. Everett as "among those who enjoyed the public trust and confidence in the times which tried men's souls." He was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of Massachusetts, and introduced the clause in the Bill of Rights which effected the abolition of slavery in that State. Washington appointed him the first judge of the United States District Court, and at his death he was chief justice of the Circuit Court of the United States. The father of the poet, the Rev. Charles Lowell, was for some fifty years pastor of the West Church of Boston. He graduated at Harvard College, matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, and studied divinity under Hunter, and moral philosophy under Dugald Stewart. He was the author of several works, chiefly of a theological character. The maternal ancestors of Mr. Lowell were of Danish origin, but emigrated to America from Kirkwall, in the Orkneys. Mr. Lowell was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the stately old mansion of Elmwood, which once had the honor of sheltering Washington, and was afterwards the property of Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and vice-president of the United States. There are abundant allusions in his works proving his deep attachment to the picturesque home of

his childhood. We can linger but to quote one such passage, from "A Day in June:"—

One tall elm, this hundredth year
Doge of our leafy Venice here,
Who with an annual ring doth wed
The blue Adriatic overhead,
Shadows, with his palatial mass,
The deep canals of flowing grass,
Where glow the dandelions sparse
For shadows of Italian stars.

Mr. Lowell graduated at Harvard in 1838, being then in his twentieth year. First drawn towards the law, he was admitted to the bar, after the usual preliminary studies, but the love of letters had already become a formidable passion with him, and he surrendered the profession of the law for the more attractive, if less remunerative, one of literature. In January, 1843, he began, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Carter, a literary and critical magazine, called the *Pioneer*. Three numbers appeared, and then the periodical was committed to the waters of Lethe, not from any inherent fault of its own, for it was admirably conducted, and greatly impressed the reading public of America by the able and independent tone of its criticisms. But from a business point of view it proved unremunerative. In the year following this venture, Mr. Lowell was married to Miss Maria White, of Watertown, Massachusetts. Besides being the author of many excellent translations from the German, Mrs. Lowell was a writer of poems of original merit. It was her death in 1853 which led to the publication of Mr. Longfellow's beautiful poem "The Two Angels." The poet pictured two angels, those of Life and Death, the former of whom knocked at his own door, and the latter at that of his bereaved friend. In 1854 Mr. Lowell delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute on English poetry, beginning with Chaucer and the old ballad-writers, then dealing with Pope and others, and finally coming down to Wordsworth and Tennyson. He was appointed in 1855 to the much-coveted post of professor of belles lettres in Harvard College, which had been vacated by Mr. Longfellow. This appointment carries with it the privilege

of a year's preliminary study and travel in Europe before entering upon its duties. Like his predecessor, Mr. Lowell made the most of this twelvemonth's sojourn in Europe. In 1856 he returned to the United States, and in the year following married Miss Frances Dunlop, niece of ex-Governor Dunlop, of Portland, Maine, whose loss also he has been just called upon to mourn. In 1863 he undertook, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, the editorial supervision of the *North American Review*. Long after he ceased to be connected with the direction of this able periodical, Mr. Lowell was a frequent and easily recognized contributor to its pages. Of our author, in the personal sense, nothing more remains to be said than that, after serving his country in a subordinate capacity, he was appointed to the important post of minister to Great Britain,—an appointment he now relinquishes to the sincere regret of his many English friends. With regard to the United States, it is now no uncommon, though a very creditable, thing for literary men to be advanced to high diplomatic appointments.

At the opening of his career a comparison was instituted between Mr. Lowell and his fellow-poet Whittier. But while both can touch a high note in the martial strains of freedom, and both possess descriptive powers of no common order, here, it seems to us, the comparison ends. Lowell is an energetic genius, Whittier a contemplative: not that the former is devoid of the other's noble contemplative moods, but he is at his best as the poet of action. Even when dealing with pacific subjects there is an air of pugnacity about him. He is in the realm of poetry what Mr. Bright is in that of politics. For men of peace, both are the hardest hitters of all the public men of our time. Given the same conditions, and Mr. Lowell might have been the Bright of the American Senate. His knowledge of human nature is very profound, his English is most rich and flexible, while the principles he expounds are stern and unbending. Politically he has two great leading convictions, justice and freedom. He loves his country deeply, but even the threat-

ened infringement of those principles has filled his soul with poignant anguish and regret. When his outraged spirit found relief in scathing sarcasm, as at the time of the Mexican war, and subsequently, those who observed him closely might see the tear welling up behind the fire-flash in his eye.

In his earliest volume, "A Year's Life," published in 1841, poems all written by the time he had reached his majority, there was more than enough to justify the prescience of those who heralded the appearance of a new poet. In the first place, there was evidence that the writer was not merely lisping numbers in an imitative sense, or because it was a pleasant thing to do. He had something to say, and he said it spontaneously. Said the critics, "Our poet's conceptions are superior to his power of execution," but even here the charge was somewhat unfairly pressed. It is difficult for every young Phœbus in poesy to manage his steeds. But in Lowell's case it was fortunate that the complaint was on the right side. It was not his imagination that was at fault, but his expression; consequently there was well-grounded hope of his over-setting the difficulty. His youngest work was full of noble qualities. In "Irené" and the stanzas entitled "Threnodia" there were passages which none but a true poet could have written. Take these lines from the latter poem:—

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God.

In the love poems of this first volume there is a distinct impress of Wordsworth; though not in the ordinary way of verbal plagiarism. The lofty sentiments which both poets expressed concerning woman were natural to both, though Lowell had evidently revelled in the descriptions of his elder brother. Do not these stanzas, where the poet is describing his love, carry some reminiscences of the English laureate?—

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness

Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

Besides the evidence of a delicate and graceful lyrical faculty which these early poems presented, the writer gave satisfactory hostages for the deep spirit of humanity by which he was imbued. For proof of this fine cosmopolitan spirit turn to his poem "The Fatherland," to the splendid tribute to Hampden and Cromwell in "A Glance behind the Curtain," and to the "Stanzas on Freedom." With unfaltering voice, and while still approaching manhood, Lowell nobly sang,—

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

There was enough in these utterances to show that it is of such blood that real patriots are made.

Poetically, a higher vein was struck in the next volume, "Legend of Brittany," "Miscellaneous Poems and Sonnets," published in 1844. Though there might have been still some little ground for the charge of redundancy, it was evident that the poet was rising to his capacity. Maturity of thought, a pruned imagination, and a greater swing and sweep of the verse, were the characteristics of this new volume. The leading poem, which relates how a country maiden is betrayed and murdered by a knightly lover, is treated with much beauty of language, and yet scrupulous delicacy. The portrait of the heroine Margaret is most lovingly and exquisitely drawn, and long remains upon the mind of the reader as an image of maidenly beauty. Her lover conceals the corpse behind the church altar, but the guilty presence is made known on a festival day by a voice demanding baptism for the unborn babe in its embrace. The

murderer is so appalled by the incident that he becomes filled with remorse, and ends his days in repentance. So difficult a subject requires careful handling, but the most fastidious would find no reason to complain in this respect. In a wholly different vein are the two classical poems in this volume, "Prometheus" and "Rhadæus." Mr. Lowell moralizes admirably upon the world-touching story of Prometheus, and sees in his great heart but a type "of what all lofty spirits endure," men who would fain win back their fellows "to strength and peace through love." All the memorial verses in this volume, to Channing, Lloyd Garrison, Kossuth, Lamartine, and others, are exceedingly fine; while the "Incident in a Railroad Car"—relating how one spoke of Burns, and the poet deduced his general lessons for mankind therefrom—is now a cherished possession with English readers.

Mr. Lowell next essayed the treatment of an Arthurian legend in "The Vision of Sir Launfal." It is founded on the search for the Holy Grail. The knight is led in a dream to the true discovery, viz., that charity to the miserable, the outcast, and the suffering is the holy cup. Whether intentionally or inadvertently, in these opening verses the writer closely reproduces an idea from Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality":—

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

But how admirably Mr. Lowell thus enforces the lesson of the Holy Grail, in language addressed to Sir Launfal by one whom he had assisted as a leper, but who now stands before him glorified!—

In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here—in this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

By way of perfect contrast to this passage in regard to style, and also as illustrating Mr. Lowell's close observance of nature, we will now quote a portion of the prelude to the first part of the same poem. The poet is revelling in the advent of summer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look or whether we listen;

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf or blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

As if like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'er-run

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and

sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her

nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the

best?

There can, we think, be no question in the minds of most that the man who wrote these lines is a true poet, that he has that capacity which is the appanage of all his race, of entering into close communion with the spirit of nature, the spirit that broods over all created things. Speaking of the poets in another work, the writer himself says:—

It is they

Who utter wisdom from the central deep,

And, listening to the inner flow of things,

Speak to the age out of eternity.

We cannot quit these early poems, with their myriad natural beauties, and the rich local color they present, without some references to the "Indian Summer Reverie," a poem probably surpassing all others for felicitousness of language and wealth of observation. Here is a beautiful single image, "The clouds like swans drift down the streaming atmosphere," followed by this stanza:—

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar
shadows,

Drowse on the crisp, gray moss; the plough-
man's call

Creeps faint as smoke from black, fresh-
furrowed meadows—

The single crow a single caw lets fall;

And all around me every bush and tree
Says Autumn's here, and Winter soon will
be,
Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence
over all.

A description of the marshes in spring makes one long for the rest and repose so graphically and poetically indicated.

In Spring they lie one broad expanse of
green,

O'er which the light winds run with glimmer-
ing feet,

Here, yellower stripes crack out the creek
unseen,

There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches
meet;

And purpler stains show where the blossoms
crowd,

As if the silent shadow of a cloud

Hung there becalmed, with the next breath to
fleet.

All round, upon the river's slippery edge,

Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,

Whispers and leans the breeze-entangling
sedg;

Through emerald glooms the lingering waters
slide,

Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the sun,

And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run

Of dimpling light, and with the current seem
to glide.

Two more stanzas, depicting with copious imagery the effects of winter, and we must leave this fascinating poem.

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine
bright

With smooth plate-armor, treacherous and
frail,

By the frost's clinking hammers forged at
night,

'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,

Giving a pretty emblem of the day

When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,

And states shall move free-limbed, loosed from
war's cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls, the ebbing river

Twice every day creates on either side

Tinkle, as through their fresh-spurred grotts
they shiver

In grass-arched channels to the sun denied;

High flaps in sparkling blue the far-heard
crow,

The silvered flats gleam frostily below,

Suddenly drops the gull, and breaks the glassy
tide.

But the deep pathos in some of Mr. Lowell's poems is as striking as any of his other qualities. No common note was reached in "The First Snow-Fall," a poem written in memory of his first-born; but of all effusions of this class he has written nothing so touching and so exquisite as

"The Changeling." It may be a bold thing to say, but it seems to us that the pathetic and unadorned simplicity of this poem has never been surpassed by any English writer. It seems scarcely credible that its author should be our humorous friend Hosea Biglow; but what a glimpse of the man's real heart we get in it! We quote the whole, for the simple reason that the excision of one stanza would spoil the poem, and we are unwilling to take the responsibility of saying which is unworthy of the rest.

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of Nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depths of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the Heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled:
When I awake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky;

As weak, yet as trustful also,
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the Heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

Now it is quite true that the Americans "are reckoned a practical folk, who would rather hear about a new air-tight stove than about Plato;" and yet in many respects they are the most impressionable people under the sun. They have a peculiar relish for all works of imagination, and the number of readers of poetry and fiction in the United States far exceeds the total number of such readers in the mother country. They are quite singular, in fact, in this respect. The most popular public lecturer in the United States for nearly half a century was Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose intellect was of so strangely composite a character. No one can say that his head was not well screwed upon his shoulders, speaking in a practical sense, and yet there has probably never been an American writer with so little of earth's dross in him. In some moods he is delightfully dreamy; in others his voice is like the sound of a trumpet; in all there is the decisive presence of imagination. So when we come to Mr. Lowell, we find in him strains fit either for the busy mart of life or the quiet retirement of the woods. Man is the great object of his song, because the world must be advanced to attain the full stature of greatness; but the poet is almost equally devoted to nature. While he has too much common sense to be merely rhapsodical, he can be as delightfully dreamy and reflective as the old bards. Then, too, he has other claims. His ethical code is healthful and refreshing; he analyzes human nature with all the magical power, if also with the tenderness, of the skilfullest of soul-physicians. He is the best of all metaphysicians, because his conclusions are based, not upon theory, but upon the heart-throbs of that humanity whose soul he endeavors to pierce.

In the year 1848 Mr. Lowell published his "Fable for Critics," a totally new venture on the part of his muse. The poem was really a glance at "a few of our literary progenies," to use Mrs. Malaprop's word, and its pointed and definite allusions will sufficiently account for its popularity. Its author is so excellent a prose critic that, had these sketches of his contemporaries appeared in the homely garb of unrhymed

Saxon, we may be sure that some of the opinions expressed would have been considerably modified. But, making allowances for the exigencies of the situation, the portraits are dashed in with no small amount of skill and vigor. Edgar Allan Poe, indeed, was much annoyed by this fable, which he described as essentially "loose, ill conceived, and feebly executed, as well in detail as in general. Some good hits, and some sparkling witticisms, do not serve to compensate for its rambling plot (if plot it can be called), and for the want of artistic finish, so particularly noticeable throughout the work, especially in its versification." But then it must be remembered that Poe was handled by the author with no velvety hand. The estimate of Professor Francis Bowen was much nearer the mark, which described the fable as "a very pleasant and sparkling poem, abounding in flashes of brilliant satire, edged with wit enough to delight even its victims." Mr. Griswold, while admitting the excellence of the work, thought that the caustic severity of some of its judgments might be attributed to a desire for retaliation. But this notion was surely most erroneous, for in such a nature as that of Mr. Lowell the mean sentiment of jealousy could have no place. The whole thing is not so direct, does not go so straight to the point, as Goldsmith's "Retaliation;" and for the sake of future readers, the author would do well to cancel a good deal of its preliminary extraneous matter, and supply by way of footnote some details of the authors dealt with. The claims and peculiarities of the writers satirized will not always be present in the mind of the average reader, and the whole thing is so good that we should be sorry to see the points lost on account of their obsolescence. In the comic literature of our time Lord Beaconsfield is immediately recognized by the one curl which remains upon the aged forehead of Vivian Grey; but it would be absurd to say that this well-known curl was his lordship's only striking characteristic. Yet the fault of Mr. Lowell's portraits is that he has seized upon accidental mental characteristics in American authors—in some cases totally unrecognizable by European readers, and has dwelt upon these to the exclusion of others more essential. We are therefore not astonished to find that exception was taken to his sketches of Bryant and Dana, for example. Yet he does not shirk words of generous praise, in the majority of instances; and while he may be mistaken

in some of his judgments, we may dismiss as incredible and impossible the idea that Mr. Lowell has in these sketches set down anything with "malice aforethought;" with contemporary verse of its class, in fact, this poetic review of prominent American writers may be allowed to take high rank.

In 1869 appeared another volume of miscellaneous poetry by Mr. Lowell, entitled "Under the Willows, and other Poems." Some of these poems were descriptive, some narrative, and others connected with the war, but there was the same conspicuous merit in all: the war poems were the most thrilling, concentrating as they did the profound emotions of a nation. There was so noble a fervor in them, and all were so distinctively elevated in tone, as to challenge for the America from which they sprang a greater affection and reverence than many in this country had been previously wont to pay her. The echoes of the great civil war were still ringing in men's ears, but the vanquished as well as the victorious might derive much-needed lessons from these effusions, whose general tone and spirit commended them to all. Mr. Lowell is the prophet of peace; though he would not shrink from drawing the sword in a case of great necessity, he has greater joy in seeing it return to its scabbard. His happiest moments are those in which he pictures a serene and blessed future. How truly poetical and grandly patriotic is this apostrophe at the close of the commemorative ode recited at the Harvard commemoration!—

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release;

Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,

And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!

No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,

And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare?

What were our lives without thee?

What all our lives to save thee?

We reck not what we gave thee:

We will not dare to doubt thee,

But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

Nor ought we to omit mention of the tribute to Lincoln in this poem. This great patriot has already been the subject of more eulogies probably than any man of his time, but the language has not always been well chosen or the ideas harmonious with their subject. Mr. Lowell does not offend in this regard; the sturdiest Briton will go with him to the full in the character of his eulogy. The poet sings how that Nature

For him her Old-World moulds aside she
threw,

And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and
true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth;
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face
to face,

"Under the Willows" and "Pictures from Appledore" are written in a simple yet effective descriptive vein, and "The Voyage to Vinland" is a fine narrative, in which occurs one of the author's happiest lyrics. Those who think that Mr. Lowell scarcely did justice to some of his brethren in letters in his "Fable for Critics" will find more than the *amende honorable* in this volume in such poems as those addressed to Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow. But the strongest utterances of all, and those which cling most closely in the memory, are the poems and ballads in which the author deals with human emotion. I for an example of such take "The Dead House," whose pathos must find its way to any heart.

In some respects "The Cathedral," published in 1869, deserves to rank as the highest of all Mr. Lowell's poetical productions, and we are somewhat surprised that it has received but scant recognition in this country. It is deeply introspective, and charged with pathetic memories of the long ago. There is not a page that does not contain some striking thought. The poem reminds us greatly of that most beautiful of elegiac works, the "In Memoriam" of Lord Tennyson; and yet the two are as dissimilar in conception as in treatment. But both are fine spiritual poems. While our own great writer has

the advantage in sheer intellectual force, the note seems to us clearer and more decisive in Mr. Lowell, and he speaks as one who trod on firmer ground. The temperament of the two men naturally tinges works which have been infused with so much of their own personal feeling and sentiment. Perplexed by the vast moral and spiritual problems around him, Tennyson looks for their solution "within the veil." Mr. Lowell is rather happy and trustful in the present. By faith he rises above "the smoke and stir of this dim spot." In speculative power and absolute poetic capacity Lord Tennyson is unquestionably the superior; but Mr. Lowell (we are speaking now only of the two works we have momentarily placed in comparison) with true and agile instinct leaps to the lessons of the present from a contemplation of the past. What a triumphant uprising of the spirit there is in the final lines of "The Cathedral," as the poet shakes from himself the dust of doubt, and the jangling of the creeds fades in his ear! —

If sometimes I must hear good men debate
Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
As if there needed any help of ours
To nurse thy flickering life, that else, must
cease,

Blown out, as 'twere a candle, by men's breath,
My soul shall not be taken in their snare,
To change her inward surety for their doubt
Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof:
While she can only feel herself through Thee,
I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with
dreams

Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou,
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with
men,
Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

Peculiarly rich is this poem in what we may call single poetical thoughts — lines in which are concentrated the ideas and emotions which have moved men, but which they have lacked the power of utterance to describe. Let us take a few of these at random. Speaking of happy days indelibly fixed in the memory, he likens them to

words made magical by poets dead,
Wherein the music of all meaning is
The sense hath garnered or the soul divined.

Again, "Second thoughts are prose," and "First passion beggars all behind." How tenderly beautiful is this recollection! —

The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm;
But the flown ecstasy my childhood heard

Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
Haply made sweeter by the accumulate thrill
That threads my undivided life and steals
A pathos from the years and graves between.

To one who lives thus all nature must be
vocal. He is in the cathedral at Char-
tres, and thus he meditates : —

I gazed abashed,
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,
And twittering round the works of larger men,
As we had builded what we but deface.

Then he attains a far higher level, this
time of spiritual vision —

Be He nowhere else,
God is in all that liberates and lifts,
In all that humbles, sweetens, and consoles :
Blessed the natures shored on every side
With landmarks of hereditary thought !

Next all in a moment his reverie is dis-
turbed by the intrusion of the practical
age in which we live, —

This age that blots out life with question-
marks,

This nineteenth century with its knife and glass
That make thought physical, and thrust far off
The Heaven, so neighborly with men of old,
To voids sparse-sown with alienated stars.

Now hear him upon science and ethics —
and the warning he gives cannot be said to
be superfluous : —

Science was Faith once ; Faith were Science
now,

Would she but lay her bows and arrows by,
And arm her with the weapons of the time.
Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from
thought :

For there's no virgin-fort but self-respect,
And Truth defensive hath lost hold on God.

Prizing more than he does Plato things
which he learnt at his mother's knee, the
poet exclaims : —

Let us be thankful when, as I do here,
We can read Bethel on a pile of stones,
And, seeing where God *has* been, trust in Him.

He cannot quite repress his natural sar-
casm as he looks forward to the time when
the Church of the ideal man shall be, —

No parlor where men issue policies
Of life-assurance on the Eternal Mind.

"Man still rises level with the height of
noblest opportunities," and he deprecates
all such ideas as that

good days were shapen of themselves,
Not of the very life-blood of men's souls.

One thought more from this work, which
is as crowded with such things as the
midnight sky is with the stars : —

Thou beautiful Old Time, now hid away
In the Past's valley of Avilion,
Haply, like Arthur, till thy wound be healed,
Then to reclaim the sword and crown again !

We are unwilling to leave the graver
branch of our subject, however, without a
few more quotations, illustrating what we
may call this thought-crystallizing power,
from other poems. The opening of the
ode read at the one-hundredth anniversary
of the fight at Concord Bridge, the 19th
of April, 1875, has a ring in it like that of
Swinburne, both as regards melody and
alliterative force, and the younger bard
might well have been proud to have writ-
ten it. It is an address to freedom, ten-
der and yet impassioned.

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet ?
Her presence freshens the air ;
Sunshine steals light from her face ;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, O fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought !

But the goddess is even more than this :
she is

Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust,
And made us whatever we are !

In another vigorous memorial poem, en-
titled "Under the old Elm" — read at
Cambridge on the hundredth anniversary
of Washington's taking command of the
American army, the 3d of July, 1775 —
Mr. Lowell graphically pictures the great
Virginian as creating a nation when he
unsheathed his sword : —

Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of
gloom,
The common faith that made us what we are.

Is it not also true as the poet claims,
that

A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outcast the present whim
And bind us as when here he knit our golden
ring ?

Phrases to be remembered, such as "Not
failure, but low aim, is crime," abound
in Mr. Lowell's works. In "The Dead
House" he asks whether it is neces-

sary to go to Paris or Rome to learn the simple lesson that "the many make the household, but only one the home." In "What Rabbi Jehosha said," and many other poems, he teaches the grandeur of Christian charity and Christian humility. In fact, he is one of the profoundest preachers (and never offensive withal) in the whole brotherhood of song. In all seasons he insists upon his cardinal lesson that

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled
deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

On the oldest subject in the world —
that of love — he has something true and
pure to say: —

Love asks no evidence
To prove itself well placed: we know not
whence
It gleans the straws that thatch its humble
bower:
We can but say we found it in the heart,
Spring of all sweetest thoughts, arch foe of
blame,
Sower of flowers in the dusty mart,
Pure, vestal of the poet's holy flame, —
This is enough, and we have done our part
If we but keep it spotless as it came.

A passage from "Above and Below," to
demonstrate still further Mr. Lowell's
command of really magnificent imagery,
must be given: —

The Lord wants reapers: Oh, mount up,
Before night comes, and says, "Too late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait:
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
Which o'er the eastern hilltops rise,
To break your long captivity.

Lone watcher on the mountain height!
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

From the fifth to the last of these sixteen
lines there is nothing but a *tour de force*
in the way of pictorial writing. In leaving
the miscellaneous poems of this writer we
have only one further observation to make
upon their moral aspect: notwithstanding
that the aim and spirit of their author
were at an early period in his career mis-
conceived, nothing could more conclu-
sively prove the wide catholicity and the

liberality of his sentiments than the poems
themselves. He may well yield them to
the arbitrament of time without apology.

We now come to the series of poems
which have justly earned for Mr. Lowell
the distinction of being the greatest of all
American humorists. Since Homer Wil-
bur, A.M., pastor of the First Church in
Jaalam, and (prospective) member of many
literary, learned, and scientific societies,
first edited the papers of Hosea Biglow,
there has been an avalanche of Ameri-
can humorists, but in this case, to adopt
the language of the turf, Mr. Biglow is
first, and the rest (with one or two ex-
ceptions) "nowhere." His humor is a
distinctly national creation. Yet although
it is purely American in its inception, it
has qualities which make it as universal
as the humor of Sir John Falstaff or Don
Quixote. It has been claimed, and not
inaptnly, that there is quite an Elizabethan
flavor about it, in that it is "audible and
full of vent." We shall not enter into the
question whether a writer is justified in
seizing upon local foibles and characteris-
tics for the purpose of giving point to the
edge of his satire, and driving home the
lessons he desires to inculcate. That
question may be regarded as already set-
tled in the affirmative. Mr. Lowell is as
completely justified in the use of his par-
ticular vehicle of satire as any other
satirist whom the world has seen. The
language he presses into his service may
be more uncouth and less pliable than any
other, but the justification for its use must
be found in its effect. In this respect the
author now needs no apology. His work,
though not equal in conception, is as good
of its kind as that of Rabelais or Cer-
vantes, or Richter. In measuring its value,
the circumstances which called it into
being must be remembered. The writer
found the nation of which he formed a
part in danger of forgetting the principles
which had secured its own freedom, and
he used such weapons as came to his
hand for combating the evil. He did so
with singular effect, and "The Biglow
Papers" were received with marked favor
"from their droll and felicitous portraiture
of the Yankee character and dialect, and
their successful hits at the national pas-
sion for military glory. Political oppo-
nents as well as friends laughed loud and
long at the Birdofredum Sawin's letters,
describing his experience in the wars, and
the mishaps that he encountered before
he could make his way home again." The
first series of papers which the American
Hudibras issued were chiefly directed

against the invasion of Mexico by the United States and the state of the slavery question. Although Mr. Lowell was in antagonism with the feeling of the majority of his countrymen at that time upon these matters, he did not flinch from what he deemed to be his duty, but lashed out against the popular notions with vigor. The probability is that now he has nine out of ten cultivated Americans with him. But he had the courage to be in the right when it was not so easy as it is now. The introductions of Mr. Wilbur to the various ballads have a tendency to be too long drawn out, yet he says many good things. Of course, with the pride of his race, he institutes comparisons between John and Jonathan to the advantage of the latter, but altogether we feel very friendly towards this discursive, button-holing Yankee, who is as delightfully prolix as Coleridge; but when we come to Mr. Hosea Biglow's lucubrations, we are bound to admire his courage and laugh at his humor. Some of his flying touches at the deepest questions are very droll:—

What's the use o' meetin'-go'in'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go a-mowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

Mr. Wilbur is of opinion that the first recruiting sergeant on record was that individual who is mentioned in the Book of Job as "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." Bishop Latimer thought he must have been a bishop, but to Homer the other calling appears more congenial. He reminds us that the profession of arms was always in time past judged to be that of a gentleman, but he cannot hold, with that nicely metaphysical Pomeranian Captain Vratz, that "the scheme of salvation has been arranged with an especial eye to the necessities of the upper classes, and that God would consider a *gentleman*, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed himself in." But Biglow, in his antipathy to the Mexican war, has not the least reverence for that august personage, the recruiting sergeant.

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
Whether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,—guess she'd fancy
The eternal bung wuz loose!

She wants me for home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow:
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe.

On the same subject Hosea tells us what Mr. Robinson thinks. He is dead for the war, whereupon Biglow remarks:

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'
pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a
saint;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heard in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swal-
ler-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a
fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em
votes;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

The poet writes very strongly against the writers of the time, who were largely responsible for fanning the popular war ideas into a flame. His "Pious Editor's Creed," however, is capable of a wider application, and probably will be to the end of time.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
To him that hez the grantin'
O' jobs—in everythin' thet pays,
But most of all in CANTIN';
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
I *don't* believe in principle,
But O, I *du* in interest.

In short I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
For it's a thing thet I perceive
To have a solid vally;
This hath my faithful shepherd been,
In pasturs sweet hath led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
To feed ez they have fed me.

There is a very amusing sketch of a candidate for the presidency, who objects to pledges, because they are so embarrassing; if he has "one peccolier feetur, it is a nose thet wunt be led," and his political creed generally is summed up in these four lines—

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In havin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a Whig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short.

There is uproarious fun in Birdofredum Sawin's account of his experiences during

the war. He thought to acquire great glory and profit in the Mexican campaign, and so "wuz fool enuff to go a trottin' into Miss Chiff arter a drum an' fife." He loses an arm, a leg, and an eye, and altogether his account with glory is not a refreshing one. Still he considers that the remnant of him is good enough as a candidate for the presidency, and his reflections show much acuteness in the reading of character and the way to push his claims. One of the best pricking of shams will be found in Hosea Biglow's report of a speech by Increase D. O'Phace, Esq., "at an extrunpery caucus," which may be taken as a manifesto against unprincipled orators of all kinds. Many lines in this effusion, as for example the following, have already attained the widest popularity: —

A marcful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles swoller.

The sarcasm here is very pointed: —

I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, for thet kind o' wrong
Is ollers onpop'lar, and never gets pitied,
Because it's a crime no one never committed;
But he mustn't be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins.

Again: —

Constitoents air handy to help a man in,
But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a pin.

The second series of "The Biglow Papers," published in book form in 1867, and dealing with questions preceding and relating to the civil war, attracted equal attention with the first. There was in them the same keen, practical philosophy applied to the questions of the day. Hosea is as sarcastic as usual in his conjectural report of "a message of Jeff Davis in secret session: " —

We've got all the ellermunts, this very hour,
That make up a fus'-class, self-governin' power;
We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag; an' ef this
Ain't to be indurpendunt, why, what on airth
is?

But the greatest want of the South was "plausible paper to print I O U's on." The Honorable Preserved Doe, in his speech in secret caucus, enlightens statesmen generally as to the right rule of conduct in political matters: —

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, not to b'lieve 'em tu hard;

For ez sure ez he does, he'll be blurtin' 'em out
'Thout regardin' the natur' o' man more'n a spout,
Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick out a flaw
In a party whose leaders are loose in the jaw:
An' so in our own case I ventur' to hint
Thet we'd better not air our perceedins in print,
Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your arm
Thet may, ez things happen to turn, do us harm;
For when you've done all your real meanin' to smother,
The darned things 'll up an' mean sunthin' or 'nother.

Mr. Carlyle would probably have gone a great way with our author in his opinion that

The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'al rule)
To every critter born o' woman.

We have occupied nearly the whole of our space in discussing Mr. Lowell's claims as a poet; yet, as one of his Transatlantic admirers has observed, his "prose writings are as remarkable as his poetry; the copiousness of his illustrations, the richness of his imagery, the easy flow of his sentences, the keenness of his wit, and the force and clearness of his reasoning, give to his reviews and essays a fascinating charm that would place him in the front rank of our prose writers, if he did not occupy a similar position among our poets." It would be unpardonable did we not make some allusion to those admirable compositions which have entitled him to be regarded amongst the first of living critics. There is a terrible straining to say something new upon old-world topics among modern writers, yet Mr. Lowell has accomplished the feat. We may not always agree with him in his estimate of Dryden, for example — it is difficult to do so — but there he is, with an enviable power of analysis, and a capacity to enter into the very souls of some of our cherished literary gods, which we can but envy. His "Shakespeare once More," in the first series of "Among my Books," is an illustration of what we mean. We should like to quote, but space forbids. Emerson is at times profounder, but Lowell is singularly direct in his analysis of the power of the world's sovereign poet. From the essay on Dante, also, in the second series of "Among my Books," we had marked some score passages for quotation, but must refer the reader to the whole essay as one of the most compre-

hensive estimates of the great Italian poet that have ever been written. We will content ourselves with the closing passage of the criticism:—

At the Round Table of King Arthur there was left always one seat empty for him who should accomplish the adventure of the Holy Grail. It was called the perilous seat, because of the dangers he must encounter who would win it. In the company of the epic poets there was a place left for whoever should embody the Christian idea of a triumphant life, outwardly all defeat, inwardly victorious, who should make us partakers of that cup of sorrow in which all are communicants with Christ. He who should do this would indeed achieve the perilous seat, for he must combine poesy with doctrine in such cunning wise that the one lose not its beauty nor the other its severity—and Dante has done it. As he takes possession of it we seem to hear the cry he himself heard when Virgil rejoined the company of great singers, "All honor to the loftiest of poets!"

Yet even in such noble essays as the one on Milton the writer cannot suppress his wit, but observes of the author of "Paradise Lost" that, "since Dante, no one had stood on such visiting terms with heaven." A perfectly delightful book of happy, garrulous prose is "My Study Windows," although it does not vie with either of its predecessors in the depth and range of pure criticism. But such papers as that "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" may well be envied by living essayists for touches as genial and incisive as those of Leigh Hunt or Charles Lamb. Mr. Lowell must have been in a strait betwixt two when nature endowed him with the susceptible imagination of the poet on the one hand, and the clear judicial intellect of the critic on the other.

It may with truth be assumed that the essence of the highest poetry is the perception of the deep things of nature, humanity, and God. Though clowns jostle kings in Shakespeare, there are moments when the bard is rapt in a divine ecstasy. These supreme moments come to every poet. They are very frequent with the subject of our article, and he who would attempt to gauge either his endowments or his general moods, by his overflowing wit, would do Mr. Lowell the greatest injustice. He is in so far the product of his times that he must take part in all the movements affecting the welfare of those who surround him. He is indignant over the curse of slavery, but, when indignation fails to move, he calls in the potent aid of ridicule. Many a tyrant has braved the

wrath of his foes, but few can stand unmoved those shafts of invective and scorn which pierce them, as it were, under the fifth rib. It is as much the duty of its owner to use this talent of ridicule in the world's service, as it is the duty of a Claude to paint his divine landscapes, or a Luther to thunder forth his anathemas against vice and error. In degree, it would be as absurd to attempt to assess the poetical faculties of Shakespeare from his Touchstones and his Gobbos as to assess those of Russell Lowell from Hosea Biglow and Birdofredum Sawin. It is difficult to regard contemporary writers wholly detached from the influence of those popular ideas which surround them; and so, by the great majority of readers, it is to be feared, Mr. Lowell's genius is measured chiefly by the clever vagaries of Hosea Biglow, and his pastor, the Rev. Homer Wilbur. It has been our object partly to correct this impression by dwelling upon those serious poems of Mr. Lowell which more fully attest his genius than anything that he has written. The Elizabethan writers are placed at so great a distance from us that we can regard the developments of their genius with a free and unbiassed spirit, giving to each its due proportion. Though the time may be far distant, it must come when this will be the case with such writers as Mr. Lowell. In any case, we are convinced that no poetic note higher or deeper than his, no aspirations more finely touched towards lofty issues, no voice more powerful for truth and freedom, have hitherto come to us from across the Atlantic.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. DYMOND.

BY MRS. RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT PHRASIE.

THE sound of children's footsteps pattering about the house is perhaps the sweetest music that has ever fallen on listening mothers' ears, or that their hearts have ever kept time to. When Susanna Dymond first heard her little Phrasie's merry heels stumping overhead, her first waking hours seemed to brim over with happiness. The thought of her little one seemed to shine in her face, to beam from her eyes—some indescribable new charm was hers. She was shy, her beauty used

to fade in the presence of strangers and uncongenial people; it shone and gathered and brightened for those of her own home, for her husband, her step-children, her own little one. Small and young as Phrasie was, she seemed to fill the whole big house at Crowbeck from her early morning to her no less early evening, for Phrasie set with the sun in winter and went to roost in summer time with her favorite cocks and hens. She was a friendly, generous, companionable little soul. As soon as Phrasie was able to walk at all, it was her pleasure to trot up to the people she loved with little presents of her own contriving, bits of string, precious crusts, portions of her toys, broken off for the purposes of her generosity.

"Da," says she, stuffing a doll's leg into her big sister's hand.

Phrasie was rather bored when poor Tempy suddenly caught her up, hugged her passionately, kissed her.

"A-da-da-dad; no, no," cries little sister, objecting and tearing out a handful of Tempy's red locks in self-defence.

Fayfay, as Phrasie called herself, was certainly one of the round pegs for which the round holes are waiting in the world — no hard sides, no square, ill-fitting corners, but kind, soft nests, already lined with love and welcome. Miss Phrasie, perching on her mother's knee, took it all as a matter of course. How could she, little baby that she was, guess at the tender wild love which throbbed in her mother's heart, at the wonder and delight her father felt as he gazed at his pretty shrine of home and motherhood, at the sweet wife, the round, happy, baby face, and the little legs and arms struggling with jolly exuberance? and even old and wise and experienced as we are, and babies no longer, I wonder which of us could count up all the love which has been ours, all the fond looks, the tender, innocent pride which has been given. So Phrasie went her way, unembarrassed by false humility.

Tempy was devoted to the child, and seemed to find her best companionship with that small and cheerful person. Tempy used to carry Fayfay about in her arms all over the place, up into her room, out into the garden again, from the garden to the pigsty, from that fascinating spot to the poultry yard, where the chickens were picketing round about the *châlets* where their Cochon China mothers were confined, or to the stables where the puppies were squeaking in the straw. It would be hard to say, when the stable

door opened, letting in the light and the crumbs of cake and Miss Phrasie and her capers, whether the puppies or Phrasie most enjoyed each other's society; these youthful denizens of Crowbeck seemed made for one another. She was not very unlike a little curly puppy herself in her ways, confident, droll, eager, expecting the whole world, from her father downward, to have nothing better to do than to play with her, to hide behind doors and curtains, to go down on all fours if need be. Josselin was almost as devoted to her as Tempy, but for the first two years of Miss Phrasie's existence he was very little at home. The first year and a half after his father's marriage he spent at a private tutor's; then came Cambridge and new interests and new life for the young man, while Tempy lived on still in the old life, and among the old thoughts and prospects. Phrasie was the one new life and interest in Crowbeck. For Tempy time did not efface old feelings, but only repeated those of the past more vividly each time. Perhaps her father took it for granted that because she was silent all was as he wished, and that she had ceased to think of Charles Bolsover, indeed one day he said as much with quiet satisfaction to Susanna, who looked a doubtful acquiescence. But Tempy was absolutely reserved about herself; neither to her inquiring Aunt Fanny, nor to her step-mother would she say one word. I think Phrasie was the only person to whom Tempy Dymond ever made any confidences.

"Don't ty, To-to," said Phrasie one day, "toz it's vezzy naughty."

Tempy laughed, and began to play bo-peep behind the sheet of the *Times* which had made her cry; it was a June-day *Times*, with Oxford and Cambridge lists in its columns. Phrasie couldn't read, and had never heard of any prize poem, except perhaps "See-saw, Margery Daw," or she might have seen that Charles Bolsover, of St. Boniface, was the prize poet of the year.

It was later in the afternoon of that same summer's day, that the Dymond family, tempted out by the beauty of the weather, in company with numerous other families of the earth and the air and the water, might have been seen quietly walking by the field way towards Bolsover Hall. A message had come up from Aunt Fanny, stating that signs and tokens had arrived from the roving uncle, from the traveller — Peregrine Bolsover. These strange camphor-scented treasures used to appear

from time to time, giving some clue to the donor's travels, whereabouts, and mode of existence. He hated writing and preferred this means of communication with his friends. The colonel, who had business at Countyside and a dinner of county magnates at the Angel, meant to proceed thither by train after his visit to Bolsover, and the pony carriage had been ordered to fetch the ladies home at five o'clock. Poor Susy dreaded these tea drinkings at Bolsover, but she could not always escape them.

Tempy was even more silent than usual, as she walked along the slope of the field, leading little Phrasie by the hand. At every step the child stooped to pick the heads of the delicate flowers that were sprinkling the turf with purple and white and golden dust.

The colonel walked on with Susanna. The hour was full of exquisite peace and tranquillity, a summer distance of gold moors and lilac fells was heaping against the pale blue heavens. As they cross the Crowbeck meadows (they lead by a short cut to the garden of the Hall), the soft wind meets them blowing from across the lake and tossing the fragrance which still hangs from every hedge and bank and neighboring cottage porch into their faces; white roses in sweet clusters, lilies from adjacent cottage gardens scent the highways; a little stream dashes across, watering the green meadows on either side, and Phrasie laughing and chattering is lifted over. The June fields are sumptuous with flowers and splendid weeds. Foxgloves stand in stately phalanx, full beds of meadow-sweet are waving, the blue heads of the forget-me-not cover the water's edge. A broad plank crosses the bubbling rivulet, and leads to the upslope and to the Bolsover farm beyond, where the cows are browsing or looking over the low walls that enclose their boundaries; a colony of ducks comes down to the water from under the farm gate, waddling, with beautiful white breasts.

"Dook, dook, pity 'itty quack-quacks, papa, dook," cries Phrasie, setting off after her parents; and the colonel stops and looks at ducks with an interest he has not felt for half a century, while Susy, smiling, stands gazing at her little blue-eyed naturalist.

At Bolsover Hall Miss Phrasie was a no less important member of the family than at Crowbeck Place. The good-natured squire delighted in visits from the little creature. He used to waylay her as

she was walking up the avenue to the hall door, and bring her by the back way into his private room, where he used to detain her by many interesting and rapidly following experiments—the click of pistols, red balls from the billiard table, whips, spurs, shiny noisy whirling objects of every possible description, until presently Mrs. Bolsover would appear, followed by a couple of Aunt Fanny's dogs, with a "Baby, baby, don't disturb your uncle;" and then the fickle Phrasie, starting off in pursuit, would forget her uncle's past attentions, and leave him panting, but tidy as ever, to put by all the many charming objects he had produced for her benefit.

It would be difficult to imagine anything less congruous than the squire and his favorite gun-room, where he spent so many peaceful hours. It might have seemed at first view a terrific apartment. A death's head and cross-bones (stuck up by Charlie Bolsover) ornament the top of the old-fashioned clock. Along the fireplace nothing more terrible than a row of pipes' heads might be seen hanging from pegs, but everywhere upon the walls were murderous weapons shining in their places, revolvers, crossed foils and fencing implements. A great curling sword, all over ornaments and flourishes, hung over the comfortable leather sofa cushions, where Uncle Bolsover loved to doze away the hours. The colonel had brought the sword back from India as a gift for the pacific little squire.

Day after day Uncle Bolsover used to go peacefully off to sleep over his *Times*, among all these trophies and ruthless weapons of destruction. There he lies to-day slumbering tranquilly, with a pair of boxing gloves hanging just over his round bald head; the tranquillity, the soothing sunshine, all contribute to his happy dreams. The squire has earned his repose. He has been all the morning unpacking the huge case which has come jogging up from the other side of the world, whence Peregrine Bolsover, having heard of Colonel Dymond's marriage, has despatched an extra crate full of traveller's gifts to his family at home. He had heard the news from his sister Fanny, whose flowing streams of correspondence contrived to reach the wanderer even in those distant countries which he frequented, countries so far away, so little known, that it seemed as if they had been expressly created for his use. The gifts are of a generous, inconvenient, and semi-barbarous character; elephants' tusks,

rude strings of teeth, and gold beads for the bride; carved ostrich eggs for the colonel; a priceless bamboo strung with the spine bones of some royal dynasty for Mrs. Bolsover; various daggers wrapped in rough paper, and marked "*poison — very dangerous*," for the squire; a Spanish leather saddle all embroidered for Charlie, besides several gods of various religions and degrees of hideousness. Gratitude, natural bewilderment, and hopeless confusion raise up mixed emotions in the family on receiving these tokens of their absent member's affection. The squire having conscientiously unpacked the chest, ranged the various objects round the room, and put the daggers safely in the cupboard out of the way, feels that he has earned his afternoon's siesta. As he sleeps the door opens gently, and a pale, handsome young man comes in quietly. By his rings, by his black curls, by his shiny shoes and red silk stockings, it is easy to recognize Charlie Bolsover restored to his usual health and spirits, and profiting by his newly gained honors and by the first days of his long vacation to come off uninvited, and even under prohibition, to the place where he is always returning in spirit.

"Good heavens! Charlie," says Uncle Bolsover, waking up with a start.

"Aunt Fanny sent me in to wake you up, Uncle Bol," said Charlie, with a smile. "She says I may stay."

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER THE CEDAR-TREES.

THE colonel and his wife had been met at the door, and told that the ladies were at tea in the garden; and without entering the house or visiting the gun-room on their way, they passed by the side gate that led to the velvet lawns, so greenly spread beneath the shade of those old trees which have always seemed to me the rightful owners of Bolsover Hall. The tea-table stood under a cedar which had sheltered three or four generations of Bolsovers in turn, and which had seen grandparents and parents at play before Fanny Bolsover and her sister and her brothers had grown up from children. The eldest of the generation, Tempy's mother, the first Tempy, who married little Jacky Dymond, as the colonel was once called, was long since dead, and so was Charles, the youngest brother, the father of the present Charles. Peregrine, who came next to the squire, and who once climbed to the rook's nest on the upper boughs of the

tallest cedar, was far away, and had returned no more to the old place. And the brilliant Fanny, the lovely spoiled girl who once thought all mankind, all life was at her feet — was *this* what she had come to, this garish, affected woman, with her disappointed ambitions, her limited imaginations, her ostentatious cleverness, and dominating will. As for the good squire, in all his sixty years he has scarcely ever travelled beyond the shadow of his old trees, nor changed in heart since he first came out at the head of the brotherhood, to play hide and seek upon the lawn.

Miss Bolsover advanced to meet the little party — Susanna and Tempy, and Phrasie, running ahead, and Jacky Dymond, now sobered, silvered, settled, and no more like the youth she could remember than she resembled the Fanny of forty years ago. Aunt Fanny was unusually gracious (so it seemed to Susy). She sent the servant for a low table and a baby-chair for Phrasie; she insisted on their remaining to tea; she stirred and mixed milk and water, and divided sponge cakes and strawberries and cream with extra alacrity; she would not hear of the colonel going into the house to look for the squire.

"We will leave poor Frederick to have his nap out," says Miss Bolsover; "plenty of time, John, to see the presents. Do let us enjoy this lovely afternoon in peace! It is so good of poor dear Peregrine; but I can't conceive what we are to do with all the eggs he sends home. Do look at that lovely effect of light upon the lake, Susanna! What time is your train to Countyside, John? Shall you call in on your way back? I hear Lord Neighborton is expected to speak. Poor you, you will have to propose his health. Little mademoiselle, where are you going to?" in a high, staccato voice. "Do keep the child quietly here and amused, Tempy, dear. More strawberries, anybody? Ah! here comes Car from the schools. Well, Car, tired? What news? When is this terrible inspector to come?"

And Aunt Car wearily sinks down upon a chair, not without a benevolent iron grin of welcome to Phrasie, who runs straight up to her and climbs upon her knee and begins at once to pop strawberries into her mouth.

Miss Bolsover, for some reason or other, seemed absolutely determined that no one should move from the tea-table.

"Well! have you seen the presents, Phrasie?" Mrs. Bolsover was beginning.

"Car, Car, don't talk of poor dear Pere-

grine's horrors just yet!" cries Aunt Fanny. "You know they are always the same — claws, and teeth, and fusty bison-skins," and as she spoke the stable clock, soft and clear and deliberate, came to their ears, striking the three-quarters.

"A quarter to six," says the colonel.

"Car," says Miss Bolsover, "the man was here this morning, he says the clock is some minutes slow."

"It is all right by my watch," said the colonel, looking down at his gold repeater.

"I nearly missed my train yesterday," Miss Bolsover remarked, absently stirring her tea; "but most likely — of course your watch is right, John."

However, to the punctual colonel this most likely was not to be endured.

"I'll make sure of my train, anyhow," says he, getting up leisurely. "Phrasie, will you give papa a kiss? Good-bye, Susy; expect me after dinner. Car, tell Bolsover I'll look in on my way home."

As the colonel was walking off across the grass on his way to the station the figures of Mr. Bolsover himself and another person might have been seen at the drawing-room window, where the squire stood trying to undo the hasp. Aunt Fanny, who had eyes everywhere, caught sight of the two, for she suddenly seized little scared Phrasie up in playful arms and went flying, and rustling, and panting across the lawn towards the house in time to meet her brother-in-law face to face on the step.

"Here is our dear little Fayfay come to see Uncle Fred and all the pitty tings," says Miss Bolsover playfully, thrusting the child into her brother's arms. "Don't come out, Charlie boy, I want to speak to you, dear, most particularly. Come into my boudoir. Frederick, will you take the child into the gun-room? Auntie will come for her directly."

Presently a servant came out from the house with a message to Tempy under the tree. Miss Bolsover wanted to speak to her. Then Miss Bolsover herself returned again, leading little Phrasie by the hand.

"Tempy is delighted with the eggs and things," says Aunt Fanny to Aunt Car. Then to Susanna, who was preparing to come into the house, "I brought the little one back. I don't know if you are at all afraid of keeping her out too late, Susanna; I myself know *nothing* about it," says Miss Bolsover, with her merry tinkle of earrings and laughter; "but if you would like to go we will send Tempy

home in the T-cart and be glad to keep her a little longer."

"Tempy said she wanted to get back early," Susanna answered quite unsuspiciously.

"Oh! we will see to that," cried Aunt Fanny, affectionately conducting Mrs. Dymond to the side gate where the pony carriage was standing. "Dear me, you have never seen your beads after all, nor the scalps either. I'll send them back to you by Tempy."

Then Susy nodded and smiled and waved good-bye to Mrs. Bolsover, and was more than absorbed in making her little Phrasie kiss her hand and say good-bye too. Phrasie behaved beautifully and did all that was expected of her, and chattered all the way home on her mother's knee.

"Nice gentypan in dere, mamma," said little Phrasie as they drove off. "Gentypan kissed Fayfay."

Susy did not quite understand what Phrasie meant.

"No, dear," she said, "there was no gentleman only papa."

"Ozzer ones," said Phrasie, persisting.

Susy waited dinner, but no Tempy came home, and Mrs. Dymond finished her meal by herself. All the bright, dazzling hours of the day seemed passing before her still, shining, crowding with light and life — with Phrasie's busy little life most of all. Susy went up-stairs on her way to her own room, and stood for a few minutes by Phrasie's little crib, where all the pretty capers and sweet prattle and joy and wonder lay in a soft heap, among the pillows. The child's peaceful head lay with a warm flush, and with tranquil, resting breath; the little hand hung over the quilt, half dropping a toy, some goggle-eyed, wide-awake dolly, staring hard, and with loops of tow and gilt ornaments, and not unlike Miss Bolsover herself, Susy thought.

For once Mrs. Dymond had also enjoyed her visit to Bolsover Hall. Aunt Fanny had been gracious. She had spared those thrusts which used to sting, for all Susy's calm imperturbability. As for Mrs. Bolsover, Susy had learned to be less and less afraid of her grim advances. Little Fayfay, asleep or awake, was an ever-growing bond between the two women. Susy had brought Fayfay down from the upper floor, and she had now only to cross a passage from the nursery to reach her own sitting-room, where she found a green lamp burning and a fire burning. Even in summer time they used to light

fires at Crowbeck after the sun was set. She had no other company than that of Zillah lying asleep by the hearth, but she wanted none other. She settled herself comfortably in her sofa corner, where the lamp shed its pleasant light, and after writing a long, rambling pencil letter to her mother, Susy took up a novel and read assiduously for a time. Then she closed the book. Her little Phrasie's eyes and looks, and her button of a nose, and her funny, sweet sayings, seemed to come between her mother and the print. What chance has a poor author with such a rival? "Funny gentypan," who could Phrasie mean by "funny gentypan"? her mother wondered. Then suddenly, as the baby herself might have done, Susanna, happy, thankful, resting, and at ease, dropped off into a sleep, sound and long and deep as these illicit slumbers are apt to be. I do not know how long her dreams had lasted; the nurse looked in, and not liking to disturb her went off to bed. The clock struck ten and the half-hour, and suddenly Mrs. Dymond started up, wide awake; she thought she had heard a sound and her own name called, and she answered as she sat up on the couch, bewildered. Was it her husband's voice? Was it Marney come home? Where was her mother? Susy rubbed her eyes. All seemed silent again, but she had been startled, and looking at the clock she flushed up, ashamed of the long nap. Then she crossed the room to the bell and rang it, but no one came, for the maids had gone to bed and the men were in a different part of the house. I don't know what nervous terror suddenly seized her, but as she listened still, she grew more frightened. Then she thought of calling the nurse, and looked into the nursery again for that purpose, but gaining courage from the calm night-light and the peaceful cradle, she came quietly away; only, as she crossed the passage, she now distinctly heard a low, continuous murmur of voices going on in some room not far distant. Then Susy reflected that housebreakers do not start long audible conversations in the dead of night, and summoning up courage, she descended the broad flight of stairs which led to the sitting-rooms below; the voices were not loud, but every now and then the tones rose in the silence. As she came to the half-open drawing-room door (it was just under her dressing-room) she heard a man's voice speaking in eager tones, and then the color rushed up into her face, and once more her heart began to beat,

for she seemed to recognize Tempy's low answer. She opened the door. There stood Charlie, who seemed to be destined to disturb the slumbers of his family. There stood Tempy beside him, in the glow of the dying embers — the two sadly, happily miserable, and yet together! Susy could see poor Tempy's tears glistening in the red firelight, and Charlie's rings and decorations, as they stood holding each other's hands in parting grief.

Mrs. Dymond came in like a beautiful fate, in her long white dress floating sternly across the room. She set her light upon the table.

"Tempy!" she said. "Oh! Tempy, I could not have believed it of you. And how can you come," Susanna said, turning to Charlie Bolsover, "how dare you come," she repeated, "disturbing us, troubling us with your presence? Tempy has promised — has promised not to see you," she went on excitedly. "Why don't you keep away? Do you not know that all our home peace and happiness depend upon your absence? You are not, you will never be, her husband. Do you want to part her forever from her father?" cried Susy passionately. "As for you, Tempy, I thought I could have trusted you as I trust myself. Was this why you stayed behind, why you deceived me?"

Susy might have been kinder, she might have sympathized more, but that her own youth had taught her so sad, so desperate a lesson; and comfortable *débonnair* vices, easy-going misdeeds and insincerities, seemed to her worse and more terrible than the bitterest and most cutting truths, the sternest, baldest realities. That Tempy should deceive her, deceive her father, should be seeing Charlie by secret arrangement, seemed to Susy unworthy of them all.

Charlie turned round upon her in a sudden fury. Where was his usual placid indifference now?

"If you knew what you were saying, if you had ever been in love," he said in a rage, speaking bitterly, indignantly, "you would not be so cruel to her, Mrs. Dymond. You part us for no reason but your husband's fancy, and you divide us as if we were two sacks of potatoes — 'Go,' you say, 'forget each other.' You don't know what you say. You might as well say, 'Do not exist at all,' as tell us not to love each other. It may be easy enough for people who marry not for love but for money, or because they want comfortable homes or housekeepers, to part, but —"

"Oh, for shame, for shame, Charlie," cried Tempy, starting away and pulling her hand from her lover.

"Let him speak, it is best so," said Susanna very stern, and pale, and unpromising. "He has a right to speak."

"I speak because I feel, while you all seem to me stones and stocks," cried the poor fellow. "I speak because I love Tempy with all my heart, and you are condemning her and condemning me unheard to sorrow and lifelong separation."

There was something, some utter truth of reality in the young man's voice, something which haunted Susanna long after. This sharp scene had come upon her suddenly, unexpectedly, but not for the first time did she feel uneasy, impatient with her husband.

A sudden indignant protest rose in her heart; for the first time since her marriage she questioned and denied his infallibility. It might be true that Charlie Bolsover had been foolish, true that he was in debt, true that Tempy was rich and young, but was it not also true that these two people were tenderly, faithfully attached to each other? It seemed a terrible responsibility for the father to divide them; absolutely to say, "Death to their love, let it be as nothing, let it cease forever." Susy thought of the boy's sad, wild looks as he rushed past her in the passage of Eider-down's Hotel.

She looked at him again. He was changed somehow; he looked older, stronger, angrier, less desperate, more of a man. He stood fronting Tempy, not with the air of one who was ashamed and out of place, but as if he had a right to speak. Susy, Rhadamantine though she was, covered her face with her two hands for a minute. She could not meet the young fellow's reproachful look. It seemed to her that it had all happened before, that she had known it all along, known it from the beginning, even when Charlie, exasperated, turned from her to Tempy, saying, —

"Tempy, I can't bear this any longer, you must decide between us. Send me away, if you have the heart to send me away."

Still Susy seemed to know it all, to know that Tempy would say, "I shall never give you up, Charlie, all my life; but I cannot go against my father's cruel will."

The sound of wheels, of a horse's hoofs stopping at the front door, brought the situation to a crisis.

"Listen! That must be papa," said Tempy, starting forward. "Go, Charlie, go! there is still time! You must not meet him!" and she, all in tears, took his hand into both hers, and would have dragged him to the window through which they had entered together.

"Go! Why should I go?" cried Charlie exasperated, holding his ground. "I am not ashamed of being here," and as he spoke Susy heard the hall door open.

"He is right, Tempy," she cried, with a bright look, and then with a sudden impulse Susanna ran to the dining-room door, threw it open, and called her husband by his name as he came into his house.

"John! come here! Charles Bolsover is here," said Susy, standing in the dining-room door.

Then she saw that her husband was looking very pale. Instead of coming up to her he stood by the staircase holding to the bannister. He looked very old suddenly, quite different somehow.

"I know Charles Bolsover is here," he said, looking hard at his wife. "I heard it just now before you told me. Tell him I will not see him. Tell him and Tempy to carry on their plots elsewhere. You, Susy, I can trust, thank God."

"Dear John, what is it?" Susy cried, running up to him. "Tempy, Tempy, come to your father! Come and tell him he can trust us all!" Susy cried in despair at her husband's strange manner and looks, and Tempy, hearing Susy's voice also, came out with her round face still bathed in tears.

"Oh! papa, what is it?" she said gently. "I didn't know Charlie was to be at the Hall. Indeed, indeed, I didn't, though perhaps if I had, I could not have kept away. I hadn't seen him for, oh, so long; he walked back with me just now, that is all! Are you very angry?"

The poor colonel's face altered, changed, softened, the color seemed to come back into his lips.

"I am not angry with you, my poor child," he said, and he sighed, and held out his hand. Tempy felt that it was cold like stone. "I am tired; another time I will speak to you. I cannot see him. I thought — I thought you were all trying to deceive me," he repeated, with an attempt at a smile.

Tempy watched him step by step till he turned the corner of the staircase, still holding by the bannisters. Long, long afterwards she seemed to see him climbing slowly and passing on.

CHAPTER XV.

"THE COLONEL GOES HOME."

SUSANNA was not happy about her husband next morning. He seemed unlike himself; though he said he was well, he looked dull and out of spirits. Tempy's heart, too, was very heavy, and she hung her head over her sewing, setting one weary stitch after another as women do. Charlie was gone, she knew not when she should see him again; and her father was there, and yet gone too in a way. She could not bear him to be so gentle, so reserved, so absent in his manner; she was longing for an explanation with him, longing to speak and yet scarcely knowing how to begin. When the play of life turns to earnest, how strangely one's youthful valiance fails — that courage of the young, armed from head to foot with confident inexperience of failure and with hope all undimmed as yet!

The colonel was busy all the morning, and closeted in his study with the bailiff. He came into Susy's room once or twice, where she was sitting with Tempy, and with little Phrasie playing at her knee. Phrasie was the one cheerful, natural person in the house this gloomy morning. The colonel's silence did not silence her. Tempy's depression seemed to vanish suddenly when the child came tumbling across the room from her mother's knee; Tempy's black looks (so curiously like her father's) turned into some faint semblance of a smile as the little sister tugged at her dress to make her play.

Susy had left the room when little Fayfay, perching at the window, suddenly began to exclaim something about "papa and his gee-gee," and Tempy, who had hoped that the moment for explanation had come, found that her father was starting for his morning ride, and now explanation must be again deferred. The explanation was not then, but it was very near at hand.

Presently Susy looked into the room, with her straw hat on. "Your father is gone to Ambleside. He has ordered James to meet him there at the station with the dog-cart; they will bring Josselin home. Won't you come out now, Tempy? It will do you good; or will you come with me to Miss Fletcher's after luncheon?"

But Tempy shook her head. She would not come, neither then nor later. She sat stitching away the morning, moping through the hours in a dreary, unsatisfactory sort of way. Susanna hoped that Josselin's return might cheer her up.

"What did papa say to you last night?" Tempy suddenly asked, when she saw Susy getting up after luncheon to prepare for her walk.

"He said that he was glad that we had hidden nothing from him — that we had told him Charlie was here. He said he liked to feel that he could trust us," Susanna answered, and as she spoke she seemed to see her husband's kind face and his outstretched hand again.

"Trust us, trust *you*!" said Tempy. "Did Aunt Fanny tell him Charlie was here?"

"No," said Susy, blushing up. "It was Aunt Car who told him, she had gone to bed when your father reached the Hall. She came out of her room in her dressing-gown, hearing his voice. Miss Bolsover assured your father it was I who had arranged it all," Susy went on; and as she spoke two indignant tears flashed into her eyes.

"Don't! don't! don't!" cried poor Tempy. "My aunt knows how unhappy I am," and she turned and ran out of the room.

Susy, solitary, was glad to meet Wilkins and her little Phrasie at the garden gate that afternoon. She was starting for her walk before the travellers' return. Phrasie was armed *cap-à-pie* and helmed in quilted white and starch as a baby should be who is meant to defy the sun. She had picked a bunch of flowers, and was hopping along the path, and chattering as she went something about "De pussy and de kitty is in de darden, and de kitty is eaten de petty flowers, and please, mamma, take 'little Fayfay wid dou."

"I should like her to come with me, Wilkins," said Mrs. Dymond. "I am going to call at the Miss Fletchers'."

"Oh! very well, mem," says Wilkins, resigned. She prefers her own company to respectful attendance upon her mistress, but she is a good creature, and allows Susy to see a great deal of Phrasie. Perhaps the thought of Miss Fanny's various paragons hanging by hairs over her head inclines Wilkins to regard her mistress's failings with leniency. Susy felt so sad and so much depressed that it was a real boon and comfort to be led along by the little one and to feel her warm hand in her own. Phrasie was sturdy on her legs, and thought nothing of the expedition.

Their walk ran high up above the roadside, along a bank cut in the shelving slopes, and shaded by big trees, of which the stems were wreathed and wrapped

with ivy leaves. Beneath each natural arch formed by the spread of the great branches, lay a most lovely and placid world of cool waters and gentle mountain mist, of valleys full of peaceful, browsing sheep. A strange cloud hung along the crest of the Old Man flashing with light. Susanna remembered it long afterwards; every minute of that day seemed stamped and marked upon her mind. Phrasie went first, still chattering to her mamma, who followed quietly, looking out at the tranquil prospect; then came Wilkins. Once the nurse stopped short, and Susy, who had walked a little ahead, called to her.

"I thought there was a something on the other side of the lake, mem," says Wilkins. "There's a boat and a crowd."

Susy stopped, looked, moved on again after an instant's pause. "I cannot see clearly across the lake," she said; "but the rain is coming, we must not be long," and she went on her way, still holding Phrasie's warm little hand. The Fletchers lived in a stone, slated cottage high up on the mountain-side; it was homely enough, scanty, but exquisitely clean and in perfect order. The little garden, enclosed by its stone walls, flashed lilac, gold, and crimson with the cottage flowers that were all ablaze — convolvulus, phloxes, sweet-william, and nasturtium, opening to the raindrops that were already beginning to fall.

Martha Fletcher, the younger sister who kept the school, was standing out in the porch as her visitors arrived somewhat breathless with their climb; and she came forward to welcome them with her smiling, peaceful looks and voice, and, calling to her sister, opened the cottage door and showed them in. There were two rooms on the ground floor, leading from one to another — pleasant rooms, scantily furnished, with slated floors and lattice windows and cross lights, and a few geraniums in pots; they both opened to the garden. The first was a sort of kitchen, with a kettle boiling on the hob; the second was a parlor, with a few wooden chairs, an oak chest, and a quaint old cupboard that would have made the fortune of a collector. "It is old; it were never very much," said Martha. In front of the cupboard, Jane, the elder sister, was lying back in her big chair knitting, with a patchwork cushion at her back. She looked pale and worn by ill health, but she, too, brightened to welcome their visitors. Both these sisters had the calm and well-bred manners of people who live at peace, in

the good company of great and lovely things. Susy herself had not such easy and dignified greetings for her guests, such kindness and unspoken courtesy in her ways, as that with which these two women now met her.

Mrs. Dymond had come only intending to remain a few minutes, but from behind the Old Man some sudden storm began to spread, and in a few minutes, swiftly, rapidly, the clouds had gathered, and the rain had begun to pour very heavily all round about.

Perhaps half an hour went by — a strange half-hour, which ever afterwards Susy looked back to with a feeling half of longing, half of miserable regret. It seemed to her as if some other Susanna had lived it, with its troubled apprehensions, with a heart full of pain, of dull excitement. She could not bear to disagree with her husband, but the sight of Tempy's dull pain stung her. So long as it had been her own self in question, she had felt no disloyalty in suppressing her own wishes, crushing down the instinctive protest in her heart against the family thralldom and traditional subjection to conventionality. But now that Tempy's happiness and honesty of mind were concerned, it seemed to Susy that the time had come to speak. Ah! John who was so good, so gentle and forbearing, he would understand her, he would yield to her entreaties, to Tempy's pleading.

Susy sat paying her visit in a curious, double state of mind. The rain had ceased, the cottage garden was refreshed; the phloxes, the zinnias, the lupins, the marigolds, the whole array of cottage finery was refreshed and heavy with wet. The birds had begun to fly and chirp again; little Phrasie stood at the door, peeping out at an adventurous kitten which was cautiously advancing along the wooden bench. Martha sat erect on the well-rubbed mahogany settle, Jane lay back in her big chair with an invalid's gentle eyes full of interest, fixed on their young visitor.

"How comely Mrs. Dymond du look," thinks Jane the fanciful, "there side-by-side wi' Martha on the settle."

Mrs. Dymond, dressed in some soft brown pelisse with a touch of color in it, her loose country gloves, her lace ruffles, her coquettish brown felt hat with the shining bird's breast, all seemed to make up a pleasant autumnal picture, even more interesting to Jane than that baby one in the doorway. After all, a tidy, well-dressed child is no prettier an object

than any one of the little ones bare-legged and rosy and tattered, such as those Jane and Martha were used to teach and have up to play in the garden. But a well-dressed, beautiful lady is an interesting sight to a country woman. Martha from habit, perhaps, kept watch over Phrasie, but Jane's eyes rested gently upon the young mother.

Susy lingered on. There was a sense of peace within as without the cottage, a feeling of goodness, of quiet duty fulfilled, and unpretending refinement. A thought crossed her mind, what a happy life she might have led if only these women could have been her sisters—true ladies indeed they seemed to be—tranquil, courteous in their ways, making no difference between persons, as gentle and as welcoming to the shepherd's wife, who came drenched to the door in her clogs, to report of Mrs. Barrow, as to Susy herself, the lady of the place. While the neighbors talked on, Susy, girl-like, began to picture a life with John, in a pleasant cottage with a garden full of flowers. She seemed putting off the moment of return and explanation, and trying to think of other things. Susy dreaded going home, dreaded the explanation before her, dreaded the pain she must give her husband if she told him all she felt, and that his decision seemed to her unjust and arbitrary; dreaded the concealment if she hid the truth. Some instinct seemed to tell her that Miss Bolsover, whatever happened, would make ill-will between them all, and that trouble was at hand; and yet the heavy, indefinable sense which had haunted her all the morning, was lighter since she had reached that peaceful home, and seen the simple and comforting sight of two contented souls.

These fancies did not take long, a little ray of light came straggling by the lattice. Phrasie leaped and laughed in the doorway at the kitten's antics; suddenly the child came running back to her mother's knee, and hid her face in her lap and began to cry.

"My Phrasie, what is it?" said Susy, stooping and lifting her up. "Did the kitty scratch you?" but little Phrasie didn't answer at first, then looking up into her mother's face,—

"Papa, Fayfay wants papa," was all she said.

"I think papa must be home by this," said Susy, going to the door with the child in her arms; and she felt that with Phrasie in her arms she could speak, protest for Tempy's future rights. She

could trust that kind and generous heart which had ever been so true to her, to them all. The rain was gathering again; the sisters urged her to stay, but she was impatient—suddenly impatient—to get back. A feeling which seemed strange, indescribable, outside everyday things and common feelings, had fallen on her once more; was it the storm in the air? As she looked at the opposite hills, she felt as if the very line of the clouds against the sky had terror in it. No tangible impression was in her mind, but a restless alarm and discomfort. Susy wondered if she was going to be ill, though she was not given to fancies; her one desire was to get home, and she took leave, hastily gathering up her skirts with Wilkins's help, tucking Phrasie safe into the folds of her pelisse. Jane and Martha looked gravely at her, and did not attempt to detain her. "Take care of ye'sell," they said. Martha came with them to the garden gate, and stood holding it open, and as they were starting, they heard a step hurrying up from below. It was one of the grooms from the Place, who, not seeing Susy, exclaimed,—

"Oh! Miss Fletcher, have you heard that there's been a' accident across the lake? The colonel and Mr. Jo have been cast out of t' dog-cart. I'm seeking Mrs. Dymond."

"An accident!" said Susy, coming forward, holding Phrasie very tight. "Are they hurt, James? Is the colonel——"

"Neither o' the gentlemen had spoke when I came away to seek ye, mem," said the man, with a pale face, and some wonder at seeing her so composed. "George Tyson brought them across in t' boat wi' doctor; the parson is there wi' Miss Bolsover. We have been looking for you, ma'am, a long while."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOCTOR AND THE LADY.

THE train came in in the early morning, and the great London doctor got out; he had travelled all night comfortably enough in his first-class corner; he was there to see what could be done; he had a confident, cheerful aspect, which gave hope to the bystanders. The porter began to think the colonel might recover after all; the station-master also seemed to regain confidence. Mr. Bolsover, who had come to meet the train, and who liked to take things pleasantly, shook the oracle warmly by the hand. "I'm afraid you will find things as bad as can be," he said,

as if he was giving a welcome piece of news, though his pale round face belied his cheery tones. "Jeffries has been up all night. I have brought the carriage for you. We telegraphed to you last night when Jeffries thought so badly of him, poor fellow. Get in, please; drive hard, George."

"Is Mrs. Dymond aware of the danger?" said the doctor, as he got into the carriage, after seeing that his bag was safely stowed on the box.

"She is anxious, very anxious," said Mr. Bolsover; "so are my wife and sister, who are nursing them all most devotedly. You know the boy is hurt too; broken rib—concussion. They were driving home together; they think poor Dymond fainted and fell, the horse was startled, the carriage upset just by the forge. Luckily one of Dymond's own men was standing by; the poor fellows were brought straight home across the lake in the ferry-boat. Mrs. Dymond was from home at the time. The boy recovered consciousness almost immediately, but my poor brother-in-law seems very ill, very bad indeed," said Mr. Bolsover, with an odd chirruping quake in his voice; then recovering and trying to quiet himself. "Do you dislike this?" and he pulled a cigar-case out of his pocket.

"Not at all—not at all," said the doctor, looking out of the window. "What a delightful place you have here!"

"It is almost all my brother-in-law's property," said Mr. Bolsover; "all entailed upon my nephew. We married sisters, you know."

"Oh, indeed!" said the doctor. "I did not know."

"I was not speaking of the present Mrs. Dymond," says Mr. Bolsover hastily. "The second wife is quite a girl; some of us thought it a pity at the time. Poor child, it will be easier for her now, perhaps, than if they had been longer married."

The horses hurried on, the gates were reached, the neat sweep, the pleasant shade of trees; the doors of the house flew open, and the servants appeared, as on that day when the colonel had brought Susy home as a bride. The doctor was shown into the colonel's study, where a fire had been lighted and some breakfast set out. The master was lying scarcely conscious on his bed up-stairs, but his daily life seemed still to go on in the room below. The whips and sticks were neatly stacked against the walls, his sword was slung up, his belt, his military cap, every-

thing curiously tidy and well-ordered. The Army List and Directory, the Bradshaws and Whitaker, were each in their due place on the table in a sort of pattern. The bookcases were filled, and every shelf was complete; the writing apparatus was in order, with good pens and fresh ink, for Dr. Mayfair to write the prescriptions with. They could do little good now, for all the good pens and paper. The neat packets of letters, answered and unanswered, with broad, elastic straps, lay on the right and left of the writing-book; the post bag was hanging on a nail, with a brass plate fixed above, on which the hours of the post were engraved. Everything spoke of a leisurely, well-ordered existence, from the shining spurs on their stands, to the keys in the despatch-box. The doctor had not long to wait; the door opened, and a lady came in—a fat, florid lady, who seemed to have performed a hasty toilette, not without care. She was wrapped in a flowing, flowery tea-gown, a lace hood covered her many curls and plaits; she had gold slippers, emerald and turquoise rings; she advanced with many agitated motions.

"Oh, doctor!—oh, how we have looked for you! You may imagine what this night has been. How am-I to tell you all? A chair. Thank you. Yes, oh yes!—our darling boy scarcely conscious—his father in this most alarming condition," and she laid her jewelled fingers on the doctor's sleeve. "Mr. Bolsover will have told you something, but *he* has no conception of what we have suffered, what anxiety we have endured. My brain seems crushed," said the lady. "If you felt my pulse, doctor, you would see that the heart's action is scarcely perceptible."

"You are very anxious, of course," said the doctor, rather perplexed, "shall I come up-stairs at once? Is Mr. Jeffries up-stairs?"

"He will be here in a minute, if you will kindly wait, and you must be wanting some refreshment," said the lady. "Dr. Mayfair, do you prefer tea or coffee? Here are both, as I ordered. One requires all one's nerve, all one's strength for the sad scene up-stairs—the strong man cast down in his prime—let me pour out the tea."

The doctor, somewhat bored by the lady's attentions, stood before the fire waiting for the arrival of Mr. Jeffries, and asking various details of the illness, of the accident, to which his hostess gave vague and agitated answers. "I was resting in my room before dressing to drive

out, when my maid brought me word of the dreadful report. I lost not a moment, I told them to bring me a cloak, a hat, anything, the first come, to order the carriage, to send a messenger to say that I was on the way. But one has to pay for such efforts, nature will not be defrauded of her rights. You, doctor, know that better than I do."

"Oh, of course, no, yes," says the doctor with a vacant eye drinking his tea and looking round; was this the enthusiastic young girl disapproved of by the poor colonel's relations! "Mr. Jeffries has been sent for, you tell me," said the great man, politely interrupting.

"I hear him now," said Miss Bolsover excitedly, and rushing to the door she opened it wide. "Here, come in here, Doctor Mayfair is expecting you," said the lady in a loud whisper. "Oh, Mr. Jeffries, you can tell him what we have all endured, you can tell him what a lifelong tie it has been between us. How unlike that of a few short months; how much deeper, how much——" Mr. Jeffries looked round uneasily, he was followed by Susanna, still strangely quiet, scarcely uttering a word, but with anxious, dark-encircled eyes trying to read from their faces what was written there. She heard Miss Bolsover's speech, and crimsoned up as she turned a quick, reproachful glance upon her; even at such terrible moments people are themselves, alas! and their daily failings do not die when those they love lie down for the last time, but assert themselves, bitter, exaggerated. To reproach her at such a time! Oh, it was cruel, Susy thought, and then she forgot it all—Miss Bolsover's sneers, and the petty pangs and smarts of daily jealousies; she caught sight of a glance which passed between Mr. Jeffries and Dr. Mayfair, and all her strength and courage seemed suddenly to go, and she sat down for a moment in the nearest chair, while Miss Bolsover followed the doctors out of the room. Susy herself had no hope, Jeffries's deprecating look answered her most anxious fears, she had watched all through the night and each hour as it passed seemed to weigh more heavily upon her heart. Now for a moment the load seemed so great that she could scarcely bear it, she seemed suddenly choking, and she opened the window and went out into the open air to breathe. There—he was dying and all the garden was so sweet, so full of early green and flowers. He was doomed, she knew it, and a new day had dawned, and

nothing was changed from yesterday; only the beauty of it all seemed aching and stinging instead of delighting her, its very sweetness turned to grief, its peace jarred like misery, a great flash of brilliant pain seemed spread out before her. Why had they ever come there, Susanna thought. Oh, why? How happy she had been alone with him in London! How unhappy she had been among these cruel people! How dear and how kind he had been; how little they knew her! All the spiteful things Miss Bolsover had ever said came into her mind with a passionate exaggeration. Ah! she was not ungrateful, she was not mercenary, she had not married for money and mean things. Her husband had been her kindest, tenderest friend, he had helped her in her sorest trouble, and she had come to him gratefully and with trust. And now all was over; and they would no longer molest her.

Poor Susy wrung her hands in a miserable impatience. She was a young creature still, exaggerated and uncharitable, as young, warm-hearted people are. The lovely sweetness of the morning, the tender light upon the sky, only seemed to sting her to fresh pain. Then she thought of his dear, pale face upon the bed upstairs—of his look of wistful love with some sad terror of conviction. She had meant to speak to him that very day, to tell him all her heart, and now it was too late, it was over now. All was coming to an end forever, and she had not half loved him, half told him how she felt his goodness. Reader, forgive her if she with the rest of us is selfish in her great grief, so keen, so fierce, distorting and maddening every passing mood and natural experience. She could not stand. She fell on her knees, poor child, with a sudden overpowering burst of sobbing pain. There was an iron roller somewhere by the wall, and she laid her poor head upon the iron with incoherent sobs and prayers for his life, for strength to love him as she ought, for forgiveness for the secret rancor which had poisoned her life. As she knelt there two kind, warm arms were flung round her, "Dear Susy, don't, don't," sobs Tempy, who had come to look for her, "don't, don't, don't," was all the girl could say; "be good, be brave, I've come to fetch you." Susy started up, quiet again, ruling herself with a great effort. Mr. Jeffries had also come down hurriedly into the drawing-room to look for her, and as the two women entered through the open casement, pale and shaking still, he

looked very grave, and beckoned them up-stairs. "He is come to himself, he is asking for you," he said to Susy; "you must be very calm, dear Mrs. Dymond." Tempy was now sobbing in her turn, Susy was white, quiet, composed. Her husband knew her to the last, and looked up with a very sweet smile as she came to his side.

An hour afterwards she was a widow, and the grand London doctor went back to town.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

THE regius professor of modern history at the University of Cambridge has so many claims upon the attention of all good men, and has such especial claims upon mine, that I feel a certain shyness in giving audible expression to views about history and history-writing which are not his. The undertaking, however, though desperate, is lawful, and may be conducted without offence.

Ever since the printing-press of his university published Professor Seeley's work on Stein, his tone in referring to other historians has become severe, and he has spoken of them as if they were but unauthorized practitioners of the science of history, and as though their pleasant volumes were but plausible quackeries, all jelly and no powder.

This view of things, after finding chance expression in lectures and papers, has received more definite treatment in Professor Seeley's most recent and most opportune book, which everybody has read, "The Expansion of England," which opens thus: "It is a favorite maxim of mine that history, while it should be scientific in its method, should pursue a practical object—that is, it should not merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future. Now, if this maxim be sound, the history of England ought to end with something that might be called a moral."

This, it must be admitted, is a large order. The task of the historian, as here explained, is not merely to tell us the story of the past, and thus gratify our curiosity, but, pursuing a practical object, to seek to modify our views of the present and help us in our forecast of the future; and this the historian is to do, not unconsciously and incidentally, but delib-

erately and of set purpose. One can well understand how history, so written, will usually begin with a maxim and invariably end with a moral.

What we are told on p. 166 follows in logical sequence upon our first quotation—namely, that "history fades into *mere literature* (the italics are ours) when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics." In this grim sentence we read the dethronement of Clio. The poor thing must forswear her father's house, her tuneful sisters, the invocation of the poet, the worship of the dramatist, and keep her terms at the university, where, if she is really studious and steady, and avoids literary companions (which ought not to be difficult), she may hope some day to be received into the Royal Society as a second-rate science. The people who do not usually go to the Royal Society will miss their old playmate from her accustomed slopes, but, even were they to succeed in tracing her to her new home, access would be denied them; for Professor Seeley, that stern custodian, has his answer ready for all such seekers. "If you want recreation, you must find it in poetry, particularly lyrical poetry. Try Shelley. We can no longer allow you to disport yourselves in the fields of history as if they were a mere playground. Clio is enclosed."

At present, however, this is not quite the case; for the old literary traditions are still alive, and prove somewhat irritating to Professor Seeley, who, though one of the most even-tempered of writers, is to be found on p. 173 almost angry with Thackeray, a charming person, who, as we all know, had, after his lazy, literary fashion, made an especial study of Queen Anne's time, and who cherished the pleasant fancy that a man might lie in the heather with a pipe in his mouth, and yet, if he had only an odd volume of "The Spectator" or "The Tatler" in his hand, be learning history all the time. "As we read in these delightful pages," says the author of "Esmond," "the past age returns; the England of our ancestors is revived; the Maypole rises in the Strand; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses;" and so on, in the style we all know and love so well, and none better, we may rest assured, than Professor Seeley himself, if only he were not tortured by the thought that people were taking this to be a specimen of the science of which he is a regius professor. His comment on this passage of Thackeray's is almost a groan. "What is this but the

old literary groove, leading to no trustworthy knowledge?" and certainly no one of us, from letting his fancy gaze on the Maypole in the Strand, could ever have foretold the Griffin. On the same page he cries: "Break the drowsy spell of narrative. Ask yourself questions, set yourself problems; your mind will at once take up a new attitude. Now modern English history breaks up into two grand problems—the problem of the colonies and the problem of India." The Cambridge School of History with a vengeance.

In a paper read at the South Kensington Museum on the 4th of last August, Professor Seeley observes: "The essential point is this, that we should recognize that to study history is to study not merely a narrative, but *at the same time* certain theoretical studies." He then proceeds to name them as follows: political philosophy, the comparative study of legal institutions, political economy, and international law.

These passages are, I think, adequate to give a fair view of Professor Seeley's position. History is a science, to be written scientifically and to be studied scientifically in conjunction with other studies. It should pursue a practical object and be read with direct reference to practical politics—using the latter word, no doubt, in an enlightened sense. History is not a narrative of all sorts of facts—biographical, moral, political—but of such facts as a scientific diagnosis has ascertained to be historically interesting. In fine, history, if her study is to be profitable and not a mere pastime, less exhausting than skittles and cheaper than horse exercise, must be dominated by some theory capable of verification by reference to certain ascertained facts belonging to a particular class.

Is this the right way of looking upon history? The dictionaries tell us that history and story are the same word, and are derived from a Greek source, signifying information obtained by inquiry. The natural definition of history, therefore, surely is the story of man upon earth, and the historian is he who tells us any chapter or fragment of that story. All things that on earth do dwell have, no doubt, their history as well as man; but when a member, however humble, of the human race speaks of history without any explanatory context, he may be presumed to be alluding to his own family records, to the story of humanity during its passage across the earth's surface.

A talent for history [I am quoting from an author whose style, let those mock at it who may, will reveal him] may be said to be born with us as our chief inheritance. History has been written with quipo-threads, with feather pictures, with wampum belts, still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn, for the Celt and the Copt, the red man as well as the white, lives between two eternities, and warring against oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear, conscious relation, as in dim, unconscious relation he is already united with the whole future and the whole past.

To keep the past alive for us is the pious function of the historian. Our curiosity is endless, his the task of gratifying it. We want to know what happened long ago. Performance of this task is only proximately possible—but none the less it must be attempted, for the demand for it is born afresh with every infant's cry. History is a pageant and not a philosophy.

Poets, no less than professors, occasionally say good things even in prose, and the following oracular utterance of Shelley is not pure nonsense: "History is the cyclic poem written by time upon the memories of men. The past, like an inspired rhapsodist, fills the theatre of everlasting generations with her harmony."

If this be thought a little too fanciful, let me adorn this page with a passage from one of the great masters of English prose—Walter Savage Landor. Would that the pious labor of transcription could confer the tiniest measure of the gift! In that bundle of imaginary letters Landor called "Pericles and Aspasia," we find Aspasia writing to her friend Cleone as follows:—

To-day there came to visit us a writer who is not yet an Author: his name is Thucydides. We understand that he has been these several years engaged in preparation for a history. Pericles invited him to meet Herodotus, when that wonderful man had returned to our country and was about to sail from Athens. Until then it was believed by the intimate friends of Thucydides that he would devote his life to Poetry, and such is his vigor both of thought and expression that he would have been the rival of Pindar. Even now he is fonder of talking on poetry than any other subject, and blushed when history was mentioned. By degrees, however, he warned, and listened with deep interest to the discourse of Pericles on the duties of a historian.

"May our first Athenian historian not be the greatest," said he, "as the first of our dramatists has been, in the opinion of many. We are growing too loquacious both on the stage

and off. We make disquisitions which render us only more and more dim-sighted, and excursions that only consume our stores. If some among us who have acquired celebrity by their compositions, calm, candid, contemplative men, were to undertake the history of Athens from the invasion of Xerxes, I should expect a fair and full criticism on the orations of Antiphon, and experience no disappointment at their forgetting the battle of Salamis. History, when she has lost her Muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her name. She will wander about the Agora; she will start, she will stop, she will look wild, she will look stupid, she will take languidly to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart. The Field of History should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me or interesting in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbor, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade: place History on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her, Eloquence and War."

This is, doubtless, a somewhat full-dress view of history. Landor was not one of our modern dressing-gown and slippers kind of author. He always took pains to be splendid, and preferred stately magnificence to chatty familiarity. But, after allowing for this, is not the passage I have quoted infused with a great deal of the true spirit which should animate the historian, and does it not seem to take us by the hand, and lead us very far away from Professor Seeley's maxims and morals, his theoretical studies, his political philosophy, his political economy, and his desire to break the drowsy spell of narrative, and to set us all problems? I ask this question in no spirit of enmity towards these theoretical studies, nor do I doubt for one moment that the student of history proper, who has a turn in their directions, will find his pursuit made only the more fascinating the more he studies them — just as a little botany is said to add to the charm of a country walk; but

—and surely the assertion is not necessarily paradoxical — these studies ought not to be allowed to disfigure the free flowing outline of the historical muse, or to thicken her clear utterance, which in her higher moods chants an epic, and in her ordinary moods recites a narrative which need *not* be drowsy.

As for maxims, we all of us have our "little hoard of maxims" wherewith to preach down our hearts and justify anything shabby we may have done, but the less we import their cheap wisdom into history the better. The author of "The Expansion of England" will probably agree with Burke in thinking that "a great empire and a small mind go ill together," and so, surely, *a fortiori*, must a mighty universe and any possible maxim. There have been plenty of brave historical maxims before Professor Seeley's, though only Lord Bolingbroke's has had the good luck to become itself historical.* And as for theories, Professor Flint, a very learned writer, has been at the pains to enumerate fourteen French and thirteen German philosophies of history current (though some, I expect, never ran either fast or far) since the revival of learning.

We are (are we not?) in these days in no little danger of being philosophy-ridden, and of losing our love for facts simply as facts. So long as Carlyle lived, the concrete had a representative, the strength of whose epithets sufficed, if not to keep the philosophers in awe, at least to supply their opponents with stones. But now it is different. Carlyle is no more a model historian than is Shakespeare a model dramatist. The merest tyro can count the faults of either on his clumsy fingers. That born critic, the late Sir George Lewis, had barely completed his tenth year before he was able, in a letter to his mother, to point out to her the essentially faulty structure of "Hamlet," and many a duller wit, a decade or two later in his existence, has come to the conclusion that "Frederick the Great" is far too long. But whatever were Carlyle's faults, his historical method was superbly naturalistic. Have we a historian left us so honestly possessed as he was with the genuine historical instinct, the true enthusiasm to know what happened; or one half so fond of a story for its own sake, or so in love with things, nor for what they were, but simply because they were? "What wonderful things are events!"

* History is philosophy teaching by examples.

wrote Lord Beaconsfield in "Coningsby;" "the least are of greater importance than the most sublime and comprehensive speculations." To say this is to go perhaps too far; certainly it is to go farther than Carlyle, who none the less was in sympathy with the remark — for he also worshipped events, believing as he did that but for the breath of God's mouth they never would have been events at all. We thus find him always treating even comparatively insignificant facts with a measure of reverence and handling them lovingly, as does a book-hunter the shabbiest pamphlet in his collection. We have only to think of Carlyle's essay on the "Diamond Necklace" to fill our minds with his qualifications for the proud office of the historian. Were that inimitable piece of workmanship to be submitted to the criticisms of the new scientific school we doubt whether it would be so much as classed, whilst the celebrated description of the night before the battle of Dunbar in "Cromwell," or any of the hundred scenes from the "French Revolution," would, we expect, be catalogued as good examples of that degrading process whereby history fades into mere literature.

This is not a question, be it observed, of style. What is called a picturesque style is generally a great trial. Who was it who called Professor Masson's style Carlyle on wooden legs? What can be drearier than when a plain, matter-of-fact writer attempts to be animated, and tries to make his characters live by the easy but futile expedient of writing about them in the present tense? What is wanted is a passion for facts; the style may be left to take care of itself. Let me name a historian who detested fine writing, and who never said to himself, "Go to, I will make a description," and who yet was dominated by a love for facts, whose one desire always was to know what happened, to dispel illusion and establish the true account — Dr. S. R. Maitland, of the Lambeth Library, whose volumes entitled "The Dark Ages" and "The Reformation" are to history what Milton's "Lycidas" is said to be to poetry: if they do not interest you, your tastes are not historical.

The difference, we repeat, is not of style, but of aim. Is history a pageant or a philosophy? That eminent historian, Lord Macaulay, whose passion for letters and for "mere literature" ennobled his whole life, has expressed himself in some places, I need scarcely add in a most forcible manner, in the same sense as

Professor Seeley. In his well-known essay on history contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1828, we find him writing as follows: "Facts are the mere dross of history. It is from the abstract truth which interpenetrates them, and lies latent amongst them like gold in the ore, that the mass derives its whole value." And again: "No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future." These are strong passages; but Lord Macaulay was a royal eclectic, and was quite out of sympathy with the majority of that brotherhood who are content to tone down their contradictions to the dull level of ineptitudes. Macaulay never toned down his contradictions, but, heightening everything all round, went on his sublime way rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, and well knowing that he could give anybody five yards in fifty and win easily. It is therefore no surprise to find him, in the very essay in which he speaks so contemptuously of facts, laying on with his vigorous brush a celebrated purple patch I would gladly transfer to my own dull page were it not too long and too well known. A line or two taken at random will give its purport: —

A truly great historian would reclaim those materials the novelist has appropriated. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon and for their phraseology in "Old Mortality," for one half of King James in Hume and for the other half in the "Fortunes of Nigel." . . . Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest, from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw, from the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders, the stately monastery with the good cheer in its refectory and the high mass in its chapel, the manor-house with its hunting and hawking, the tournament with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold, would give truth and life to the representation.

It is difficult to see what abstract truth interpenetrates the cheer of the refectory, or what just calculations with respect to the future even an upholsterer could draw from a cloth, either of state or of gold; whilst most people will admit that when the brilliant essayist a few years later set himself to compose his own magnificent history, so far as he interpenetrated it with the abstract truths of Whiggism, and calculated that the future would be satisfied with the first Reform Bill, he did ill and guessed wrong.

To reconcile Macaulay's utterances on this subject is beyond my powers, but of two things I am satisfied: the first is that, were he to come to life again, a good many of us would be more careful than we are how we wrote about him, and the second is that, on the happening of the same event, he would be found protesting against the threatened domination of all things by scientific theory. A Western American, who was once compelled to spend some days in Boston, was accustomed in after life to describe that seat of polite learning to his horrified companions in California as a city in whose streets respectability stalked unchecked. This is just what philosophical theories are doing amongst us, and a decent person can hardly venture abroad without one, though it does not much matter which one. Everybody is expected to have "a system of philosophy with principles coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative," and to be able to account for everything, even for things it used not to be thought sensible to believe in, like ghosts and haunted houses. Keats remarks in one of his letters with great admiration upon what he christens Shakespeare's "negative capability," meaning thereby Shakespeare's habit of complaisant observation from outside of theory, and his keen enjoyment of the unexplained facts of life. He did not pour himself out in every strife. We have but little of this negative capability. The ruddy qualities of delightfulness, of pleasantness, are all sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought. The varied elements of life —

The joy of existence,
The stir of the world —

seem to be fading from literature. Pure literary enthusiasm sheds but few rays. To be lively is to be flippant, and epigram is dubbed paradox.

That many people appear to like a drab-colored world hung round with dusky shreds of philosophy is sufficiently obvious. These persons find any relaxation they may require from a too severe course of theories, religious, political, social, or now, alas! historical, in the novels of Mr. W. D. Howells, an American gentleman who has not been allowed to forget that he once asserted of fiction what Professor Seeley would be glad to be able to assert of history, that the drowsy spell of narrative has been broken. We are to look for no more Sir Walters, no more Thackerays, no more Dickenses. The stories have all been told. Plots are exploded.

Incident is over. In moods of dejection these dark sayings seemed only too true. Shakespeare's saddest of sad lines rose to one's lips, —

My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

Behind us are "Ivanhoe" and "Guy Mannering," "Pendennis" and "The Virginians," Pecksniff and Micawber. In front of us stretch a never-ending series, a dreary vista of "Foregone Conclusions," "Counterfeit Presentments," and "Undiscovered Countries." But the darkest watch of the night is the one before the dawn, and relief is often nearest us when we least expect it. All this gloomy nonsense was suddenly dispelled, and the fact that really and truly, and behind this philosophical arras, we were all inwardly ravening for stories was most satisfactorily established by the incontinent manner in which we flung ourselves into the arms of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, to whom we could almost have raised a statue in the market-place for having written "Treasure Island."

But to return to history. The interests of our poor human life, which seems to become duller every day, require that the fields of history should be kept forever unclosed, and be a free breathing-place for a pallid population well-nigh stifled with the fumes of philosophy.

Were we, imaginatively, to propel ourselves forward to the middle of the next century, and to fancy a well-equipped historian armed with the digested learning of Gibbon, endowed with the eye of Carlyle, and say one-fifteenth of his humor, even then a dangerous allotment in a dull world, the moral gravity of Dr. Arnold, the critical sympathy of Sainte-Beuve, and the style of Dr. Newman, approaching the period through which we have lived, should we desire this talented mortal to encumber himself with a theory into which to thrust all our doings as we toss clothes into a portmanteau; to set himself to extract the essence of some new political philosophy, capable of being applied to the practical politics of his own day, or to busy himself with problems or economics? To us, personally, of course, it is a matter of indifference how the historians of the twentieth century conduct themselves, but ought not our altruism to bear the strain of a hope that at least one of the band may avoid all these things, and, leaving political philosophy to the political philosopher and political economy to the political economist, remember that the first, if not the last, duty of the historian is to

narrate, to supply the text not the comment, the subject not the sermon, and proceed to tell our grandchildren and remoter issue the story of our lives? The clash of arms will resound through his pages as musically as ever it does through those of the elder historians as he tells of the encounter between the Northern and Southern States of America, in which Right and Might, those great twin brethren, fought side by side; but romance, that ancient parasite, clung affectionately with her tendrils to the mouldering walls of an ancient wrong, thus enabling the historian, whilst awarding the victor's palm to General Grant, to write kindly of the lost cause, dear to the heart of a nobler and more chivalrous man, General Lee, of the Virginian Army. And again, is it not almost possible to envy the historian to whom will belong the task of writing with full information, and all the advantage of the true historic distance, the history of that series of struggles and heroisms, of plots and counter-plots, of crimes and counter-crimes, resulting in the freedom of Italy, and of telling to a world, eager to listen, the life story of Joseph Mazzini?

Of God nor man was ever this thing said,

That he could give

Life back to her who gave him, whence his dead

Mother might live.

But this man found his mother dead and slain,

With fast sealed eyes,

And bade the dead rise up and live again,

And she did rise.

Nor will our imaginary historian be unmindful of Cavour, or fail to thrill his readers by telling them how, when the great Italian statesman, with many sins upon his conscience, lay in the very grasp of death, he interrupted the priests, busy at their work of intercession, almost roughly, with the exclamation, "Pray not for me. Pray for Italy;" whilst if he be one who has a turn for that ironical pastime, the dissection of a king, the curious character, and muddle of motives, calling itself Carlo Alberto will afford him material for at least two paragraphs of subtle interest. Lastly, if our historian is ambitious of a larger canvas and of deeper colors, what is there to prevent him, bracing himself to the task,

as when some mighty painter dips

His pencil in the hues of earthquake and eclipse,

from writing the epitaph of the Napoleonic legend?

But all this time I hear Professor Seeley whispering in my ear, "What is this but the old literary groove leading to no trustworthy knowledge?" If by trustworthy knowledge is meant demonstrable conclusions, capable of being expressed in terms at once exact and final, trustworthy knowledge is not to be gained from the witness of history, whose testimony none the less must be received, weighed, and taken into account. Truly observes Carlyle: "If history is philosophy teaching by examples, the writer fitted to compose history is hitherto an unknown man. Better were it that mere earthly historians should lower such pretensions, and, aiming only at some picture of the thing acted, which picture itself will be but a poor approximation, leave the inscrutable purport of them an acknowledged secret." "Some picture of the thing acted." Here we behold the task of the historian; nor is it an idle, fruitless task. Science is not the only, or the chief, source of knowledge. The Iliad, Shakespeare's plays, have taught the world more than the "Politics" of Aristotle or the "Novum Organum" of Bacon.

Facts are not the dross of history, but the true metal, and the historian is a worker in that metal. He has nothing to do with abstract truth, or with practical politics, or with forecasts of the future. A worker in metal he is, and has certainly plenty of what Lord Bacon used to call "stuff" to work upon; but if he is to be a great historian, and not a mere chronicler, he must be an artist as well as an artisan, and have something of the spirit which animated such a man as Francesco Francia of Bologna, now only famous as a painter, but in his own day equally celebrated as a worker in gold, and whose practice it was to sign his pictures with the word goldsmith after his name, whilst he engraved painter on his golden crucifixes.

The true historian, therefore, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts, select facts, and combine facts. Methods will differ, styles will differ. Nobody ever does anything exactly like anybody else; but the end in view is generally the same, and the historian's end is truthful narration. Maxims he will have, if he is wise, never a one; and as for a moral, if he tell his story well, it will need none — if he tell it ill, it will deserve none.

The stream of narrative flowing swiftly, as it does, over the jagged rocks of human

destiny must often be turbulent and tossed; it is therefore all the more the duty of every good citizen to keep it as undefiled as possible, and to do what in him lies to prevent peripatetic philosophers on the banks from throwing their theories into it, either dead ones to decay, or living ones to drown. Let the philosophers ventilate their theories, construct their blow-holes, extract their essences, discuss their maxims, and point their morals as much as they will; but let them do so apart. History must not lose her muse, or "take to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart." Let us at all events secure our narrative first — sermons and philosophy the day after.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

From The Nineteenth Century.

LETTERS FROM A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN EGYPT.

[The subjoined letters were written by a private in the 11th Hussars, and were offered to this review without the writer's knowledge — his assent being subsequently obtained. — EDITOR.]

Cairo: March 1, 1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — It is with a feeling of thankfulness that I write this to you from this horrible country, because I expected never to hold a pen in my hand again; indeed, only a week ago I thought so, and I also think you would have thought so too had you seen me in the Citadel Hospital, Cairo. I was one out of many who, not being of a strong constitution, suffered from those two prevalent diseases here, dysentery and enteric fever, each of which is sufficient to lay you under six feet of earth, only I suppose God in his mercy thought fit to inflict me with both, but thought fit to save me (after showing me his power) from an early death, and to (I hope) see you all again in the course of time. My dear mother, I knew well before I came out here that I could not stand the climate, which has killed many stronger than myself, but of course I enlisted for a soldier, and *it is a soldier's duty* to bear all these things without a murmur, because when you enlist it is the same as marriage, you have to take it "for better, for worse," so to speak. As soon as I got out here from England, of course (a great many being sick) the work was very hard for us, three or four horses to one man; and the day

after I came out here I was attacked with diarrhoea, which grew very bad, and I very weak. However, seeing the amount of work to be done, I didn't report myself sick until I found my inside getting sore, and I began to throw off blood, and then I knew I was only doing myself and my family justice by reporting myself sick, for I knew dysentery was on me.

The doctor gave me two or three astringent medicines to bind me, but he should have sent me straight to hospital. I went to my work again, but was little able to do it. Four days after, I fainted whilst at midday stables (our stables here is the open desert, with the full blaze of the sun upon you from *eleven o'clock till one*, and no shelter except that of your helmet), and the sergeant-major sent me up to the hospital tent (because you know we are under canvas here), and the doctor was sent for, who took my temperature — 96°. He sent me into Cairo next morning, to the Citadel Hospital, where I was treated for enteric fever and dysentery, the only cure for which is starvation. I ate nothing for *eighteen days*, and was unable to move a finger for eight or ten days after; all I was allowed to take was weak tea and water, and occasionally a little milk. At the end of eighteen days the doctor took pity on me, and ordered me chicken diet. Then I began to pull up a bit, and he gradually rose my diet till I got this much for a day's grub: two chickens, eight ounces of brandy, three-quarters of a pound of bread, two pints of milk, one pint of arrowroot, and six ounces of rice. Besides that, when the doctor would leave the ward I would ask Sister Annie, my nurse, to let me get up (for I was then allowed to *sit* up on my bed for half an hour daily, and on *no* occasion to stand), and then I would get one of the orderlies of the Army Hospital Corps to go and get me some bread, and I would eat, besides my *allowance*, three or four pounds of bread, and then ask him to go for more again at night. You may laugh; but think of those eighteen days on cold tea. I can assure you that as soon as I had eaten one meal I was ready for the next.

One day last week, General Sir Archibald Alison visited us, and it so happened that he chose my doctor to take him round the wards and show him some particular cases. I, being but a bag of bones, attracted his attention, and the two of them came and sat down on my bed, the doctor having assured him that all danger of infection was gone. The general took up my diet sheet and, looking at it, said to

the doctor, "And do you mean to say that he eats all this in one day?" The doctor referred him to the sister, who was close by, and she told him to ask me; and I said, "General, I eat all that and as much again." "Indeed," said the general, "why, that's more than I eat in four days." He looked at my fat (?) face, and said, "Well, I believe you — you look as if you could manage three times as much, and I hope your kind doctor won't forbid you eating it." He then wished me good-bye and went off to the next ward. The next day the doctor came in and increased my diet to a quart of beef tea, and that I had till I left the hospital.

Where I am writing this is half a mile from camp, and I'll have to walk that in the dark, and it's rather dangerous, although I have my sword with me for safety. I hope that you are all quite well yourselves. I am getting quite fat and red again. There is talk of our shifting into barracks at Cairo, because this does not agree with the men, although it agrees with the horses. Must now wish you good-bye for the present.

From your affectionate son.

Cairo: Easter Monday, 1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I received your kind letter on Saturday evening. I was just being discharged from the Harem Hospital, where I have been (since I last wrote) for a week, with slow fever. I was very ill, but was rapidly cured with that *only* cure in this country, starvation, or very near it. I thank God, though, that I am again strong and hearty as ever. Fever out here is as common as flea-bites, only, of course, *every* poor soul does not come off scot-free, as I have both times. The doctor said that I went sick just in time, or it might have resulted differently. I saw three men die with it on three successive days, but brought it on themselves through drink. I saw a Highlander brought in insensible at eight o'clock, and he died at nine. He drank a bottle of cognac straight off. I saw one of the 49th (Berks) brought in at four o'clock, and he was dead at a quarter past four. He drank two bottles of cognac for a wager of half a crown. He won the wager, but was dead twenty minutes after the wager was laid. Another I saw die of consumption. So that teetotalism is the best policy out here, or look out.

Last Monday night I lay helpless in my bed, waiting for my chum to come and see me. I wanted a drink of milk, which I had beside me, and I waited for

him to come and give it to me (I wouldn't trouble the sister, as she was waiting on worse cases than mine: her title is Lady Norman), and I watched the door for three hours and he didn't come, and I lay almost mad with thirst all that night, but I couldn't reach it myself, and so I did without it. However, I got over that, and am none the worse.

I am accumulating curiosities by the dozen. I have now a bar of iron from the window where Arabi Pasha was confined before his trial. The window is only eight yards from my stable here. I have also a very large lizard which I found under my bed, but it is dead now. There is a horrible plague of flies here, and you cannot open your mouth to eat but two or three sail down with the food. You must excuse my scrawl, as I am getting out of practice with the pen. At present "the sword is mightier than the pen."

Cairo: July 9, 1883.

DEAR MOTHER, — It is some time since I last wrote to you, but I have been ill again in hospital for twenty days with another slow fever. I cannot tell what will be the end of it, and I dare not think. The doctor said, "You have been drinking;" and I told him I was a teetotaler, but he would not believe me. At one time my case was thought to be serious, but I kept my spirits up, as the chaplain told me to do, and I got the better of it. The weather here is unbearable, it is so hot; and the water from the Nile is like castor-oil, and you know what *that* is like to drink. I had two doses of castor-oil in hospital, and the first nearly killed me; it took nearly all the flesh off me, and I was weak as a chicken. The doctor ordered me watermelon, ice, milk, and chicken broth, and three pints of lemonade a day; quinine and iron for medicine. Should I get another attack I shall in all probability be sent home. But the water and the heat are the cause of it.

El Wordan, Egypt: August 2, 1883.

DEAR MOTHER, — Received your letter this morning; I was very pleased to get it, and am thought to be one of the lucky few who got any.

We are out under canvas again, on the desert; and goodness knows where we shall go next. We have been what we call "cholera dodging." We left Abbasiyeh (Cairo) on the morning of the 25th of July, on account of the epidemic breaking out there, but thank God it has now ceased. Three of our men were taken off in one day, and we shifted, all in a hurry,

to about seven miles north of here. We got no breakfast before we went; and, there not being sufficient horses for every man, some of us had to walk six miles to Boulac station, where we had to wait until the mounted party came up; and then all the flurry and fatigue of getting horses and baggage into the train, and the sun pouring down with a terrible heat on us, and no water to be got except hot from the canal, and if you drink much of that before it is filtered it will bring on dysentery rapidly; but we have nothing else to drink, so that we snatch even at that. Four hours in a coal-truck in the heat of the day, and nothing to eat or drink, and no shelter from the sun except your helmet, and the train going about twelve or fourteen miles an hour! By the time we reached our destination (far out in the desert) we were nearly done up. I was made a prisoner at the time for disobeying an order which I received to go and carry some heavy cloaks. I was scarcely able to lift a foot, much less cloaks; and, getting a surly order to do it, I refused, and was fined four days' pay, with four days' confinement. The same night two corporals and a private were selected by King Cholera, and the poor fellows were sewn up as they were, in three blankets, and carried away by mule-carts far into the desert. Those of the regiment who cared to, followed, and three holes were dug in the sand, and they were put into them; it was about eleven o'clock at night (8.30 P.M., in England), with one solitary candle to light them, and the vultures hovering above, waiting until the men should be gone. Dear mother, might it not have selected me? But my time had not then come, nor yet. Two days afterwards, it took another young fellow, who lived not far from your own home. The next day there was another victim to it, and then it took our much beloved surgeon himself, who died nobly in the fearless execution of his duty. Oh, mother, I was as sorry as if it had been you or my brother, because I reckon this man has saved my life more than once in this terrible country; and not only my life, but also those of my fellow-creatures. His servant was with him during his short illness, which only lasts for an hour or two, but he knew he was going, because he said to his servant: "Ledward, I know I am going; take this ring (a diamond one) and send it to my brother, and this gold one to my mother." They were two splendid rings. He gave his servant for himself all the money he had about him (14/),

with part of which I bought this paper and stamp. Lastly, it took my own chum, who contracted it whilst waiting on another cholera victim. The doctor was sewn up in a blanket and dragged away by a mule cart, and buried in a hole with a private soldier; so that you see cholera makes no distinction of personages, and high and low are buried together without distinction, for there is none above another. Before the last death occurred we shifted camp to here, and here we are to remain until sixteen days shall elapse without a death, except it be from sun-stroke or from natural causes. However, it has now left the camp, and we are safe once more; but I would rather be in old England with all its frosts and snows. I would have written before, but it was forbidden, for fear of importation of the epidemic. I know you all must have been in a dreadful state when you read of "Outbreak amongst British Troops;" but it is all gone now.

You know a great deal more of Egyptian news at home than what we do ourselves, because we get English papers about ten days after you have read them, and *then* we learn all the news.

I am burning brown as a cocoa-nut. There are two scorpions fighting on the sand in front of me, as I am writing. I enclose a little sand* from the desert in this letter, for you to see, and we eat a lot of it every day in our food. Must now conclude, etc.

To be continued.

Cairo: December 31, 1883.

Back again at Cairo. It is some time since I last wrote, but we have shifted back into our old quarters, and *shifting* takes a deal of time, and the labor and fatigue causes sickness. However, we had no deaths this time. The cholera is all over now, and sickness is decreasing wonderfully.

I have just returned from a long march, with thirty-seven other men; two died on the way from exhaustion, and bad water.

We have been for nearly three months escorting Captain Maxwell up towards the Soudan, where he has gone on Baker Pasha's staff. We got nearly into Kordofan, when we received an order that the regiment was about to proceed home, and we were to return with all possible speed, which we did; but owing to the intense heat and filthy water we could not make as quick progress as we should have liked;

* The sand above mentioned is transparent, and of a flinty nature, about the size of ordinary gunpowder.

but it did not matter, for, when we got in here, we found that the order to return to England had been countermanded some time. We were to have embarked on the 5th of December, and we did not come in till two days before Christmas, and a nice come in it was; all the while as we marched through Cairo the rain fell in torrents, and we were drenched. The Black Watch were in the citadel and gave us a cheer as we passed, as did also the officers and civilian tourists at Shepherd's Hotel as we passed it. Our horses and accoutrements were taken from us as we came in, and we had the rest of the day and the next in bed, and we felt just fresh for Christmas day, and the greater part of us thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, the officers having provided the troops with a good Christmas dinner. I have lost about twenty pounds of flesh, but, considering all, I think I got over it pretty well. I feel all right myself, but six of us have gone in hospital since we came back.

As far as I can see, there is no chance of coming home until the Soudan affair is settled. The captain we escorted was a sergeant in our regiment who volunteered into the Egyptian army, was given the rank of captain, and presented by the khedive with the fourth class of the order of the Medjidie (a very pretty star worn on the breast), and, being in my troop, I volunteered with the others to escort him to the Soudan, but, as you see, we were not able to finish it on account of our being called back.

January 18, 1884.

Getting much fatter now; they have been giving us extra food in order to make us up again.

There is a poor fellow lying down opposite me crying. He has just received a black-edged letter to say his father is dead, and it must seem more sad to him when he hears the singing and shouting and clatter around him, and to think there is no one to comfort or sympathize with him. He is but eighteen years of age, and joined us in Ireland.

Cairo: February 17, 1884.

Time is precious now. By the time this letter reaches you we shall be before the enemy. I am glad that the time has arrived by which I hope to show that I am a soldier, though a very young one, for we are not going to let the Mahdi beat us. There are one hundred thousand of the enemy, and twenty-eight thousand of us, so the chances are four to one against us; but we are well-trained men, and they are

poor undisciplined heathens. We start in the morning *vid* the Red Sea. I shall take the white scarf you gave me. I had it all through the cholera, and I will take it now. Good-bye for the present.

Trinkitat: March 4, 1884.

Just a line to tell you that I am quite safe and unscathed, though it was a hard fight, I can tell you, and the odds were five to one against us, the enemy numbering five times as many as we did; but we did not turn and run away. Will send more particulars in my next.

Suakim: March 11, 1884.

Still alive and kicking, but we have not done with these people yet. Osman Digna swears that he will hold Suakim, if it is only for five minutes. We march in the early morning to Fort Sartorius, where we shall remain entrenched until we obtain some sight of the enemy, who are hiding some seventeen miles away in the mountains. Of course we cannot get into the mountains, but we can drive them out of it with a couple of Krupp guns. We hope to get another general engagement like we had at Teb, but we expect to meet about thirty thousand of them. This is a curious old town, if you can call it a town. We reckon to finish the whole affair in another eight days, and then we might stand a chance of going home. I will write again after the engagement.

Cairo: Good Friday, 1884.

Just been to church and heard service. We have been back only a few days from the Soudan. We chased Osman Digna into the mountains about ten miles, but we could not entice him out on to the open plain. Cavalry is no good to fight in among rocks and ravines. We found out his camp, but as soon as Osman sees us near him he bolts for his life. He is altogether too artful for us. After the battle of Tamanieb we went into his forts and blew up the whole of his stores and ammunition which he had concealed there under the ground. We all had spears and knives which we took from the enemy after the battles, but the commanding officer took them all away, as he said, until we should get home, but I don't suppose we shall ever get them again, because they will be sent to the Tower of London as trophies.

We took nearly six days to come up the Red Sea. My chum was taken ill at Handuk with dysentery and fever, which he brought on himself, because when we got to Handuk we were parched with

thirst, having marched seventeen miles through the heat of the day, and we found five wells there; but when we went to drink the water we found it salt, or nearly so, and one well had black water in it, which he went to, and drank about half a gallon right off. I said to him, "Fred, you will be ill before morning through that." True enough, the same evening I had the task of putting him on a stretcher in an ambulance wagon, and he was taken to the base hospital, an almost hopeless case. However, I heard no more of him until at Suakim I was told that the doctors had given him over. I was more grieved than if he had been my own brother, because, being constantly with him, we are like brothers, and I was not allowed to see him. Well, we arrived at Abbassiyeh (Cairo) about midnight, and the Essex regiment (56th) gave us a "spread," and I was hungry and cold, I can tell you; but no sooner had I commenced, than one of our men who had not been to the front came up to me and told me that my chum had been buried at Suez the day before. I was like one paralyzed. I went out of the room and cried like a child, I was so grieved; and the worst of it was, he had sent me a message to go to him, but I wasn't allowed to see him. I went to my barrack room and tried to sleep, but I passed a miserable night, and all next day I was the same. I couldn't eat or drink. Well, I went to bed the second night, and the trumpeter had just sounded "lights out," when I felt some one touch me on the shoulder, and I looked out from under the blanket, and who should I see but my own chum, fully armed and equipped, as he had been on the campaign! I thought I was dreaming. It was him right enough. He had just recovered, and been discharged from the Citadel Hospital; and his first thought was to come in and see me and how I was at that late hour, 10.15 P.M. I told him to get to bed as quickly as he could, or else he would catch cold, and probably bring on a relapse, which is very dangerous. The next day I explained matters to him, and I went straight to the fellow who had told me on the previous night about his death, and I taught him the reason why he should not play practical jokes, and at such unseasonable times. However, my friend is all right again now, and I hope he will continue so. We are just getting our accoutrements a bit ship-shape again.

It is very hot here, but not so by ten degrees as it is in the Soudan. I have still the old white scarf, mother; it served

me throughout the campaign. Some nights it served for a blanket, and sometimes for a scarf when I should be on outlying picquet at night; and it was a pillow for the first man wounded at El Teb, and four of us carried him from the front down to the base hospital, a distance of ten miles, on a stretcher, and two miles of that was deep mire. I lost my boots and spurs in it and then my socks. We were seven hours carrying him, and when we got there we were given a drink of water for our pains, and my feet were cut with glass and sharp stones and sand; and, would you believe it, they sent us off without any breakfast in the morning, we four, and I had to walk bare-footed to Teb; and when we got there the cavalry brigade were just starting the march to Tokar, so I rode to the relief of Tokar with an empty belly, a dry tongue, and my bare feet in the stirrups, and covered an inch thick with greasy mud from the bog, and that's how I marched to the relief of Tokar.

Cairo: Easter Sunday, 1884.

DEAR FRIEND. — You were no doubt glad to know that I was safe and sound after our some hard struggle, for I can assure you that it was a near tie at times. For instance, when we charged at El Teb we had to come back through them again. Well, we came back, and back again a *third* time through them. We were the leading squadron (the regiment being formed up in squadron column), and our commanding officer galloped us still on, the consequence being we were cut off from the main body and surrounded by some seven or eight hundred of the enemy, who thought that they had us. However, one of the squadron scouts, whose duty it was to inform the squadron leader of any danger, told the officer that we were cut off and surrounded. "The — we are!" exclaimed that gentleman: "Troops, right-about wheel!" and every man gripped his sword as though his life were in his hand, and we went back again through the black beggars. It was five minutes' hard riding, but we did it, and lost only two men out of one hundred and twenty, whilst I suppose every man of ours made his mark in one or two of them, the reason of our success being that our squadron had English horses, and all the rest of the regiment had Arabs. A charge of English horses is not to be withstood, on account of their weight and great speed, but some of the Arab horses are like little Cairo donkeys, thus offering facility to the enemy. However, it's over

now for the time being, but I fear from rumor that we shall remain here until about September, when, I think, in all probability we shall be the doomed wretches of an expedition to Khartoum, *via* Berber, for the purpose of meeting and settling Mr. Mahdi, if he will allow us. I must now conclude, as I feel sick, and must get to bed, although it is only half past one.

Harem Hospital, Abbassiyeh: May 3, 1884.

I have been down for the last fortnight with enteric fever, but the fever left me two days ago, but quite helpless — helpless as a child. At one time there was great danger, the temperature running up to 106°, which is as high as has been known. I kept 106° for two days, and then it sank to 105°, and kept a gradual descent until the day before yesterday, when it reached 98°, which is normal. I am under a very clever doctor, and a very kind one. He brought me a pretty Japanese fan.

I am living on four lemons, two oranges, one pound and a quarter of ice, eight ounces of brandy, four pints of beef tea, and as much milk as I want, and a milk diet. I ate a piece of bread and strawberry jam yesterday, the first I have eaten since the 14th of April; and yet I am not hungry. You should see my old lantern jaws. I don't know how much flesh I have lost, but it is a great deal. It is trying my strength to sit up writing this, because I am very weak. I have to be fed from a feeding-cup.

Merawi, Soudan, March 21, 1885.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I have just received two letters from you, one dated January 25 and the other February 9, all mails having been delayed at Korosko until the departure of the convoy which was to bring us up provision to Abu Hamed, but which luckily did not happen, or I imagine we (Brackenbury's column) should have been in a curious position, for I think that had we gone up as far as Abu Hamed we should undoubtedly have got the worst of it, for Wad Gama, the sheik of Monassir, was there with an overwhelming number of men, and would evidently have got the better of at least us Hussars. I don't think that the officers who were in charge of us could see that, they being nearly all infantry officers, and consequently understanding but little of the cavalryman's horse and his powers of endurance. Had we gone to Abu Hamed we should all have perished, for our horses were done up, and could not have galloped one hundred yards had

retreat proved to be necessary. On February 24 we got a sudden order to return in speed to Merawi, which we did, not before, however, about twenty of us went up with Colonel Butler and staff and reconnoitred to within a couple of miles of Abu Hamed, which was a move fraught with no little danger, for had the enemy noticed us we should have stood but a poor chance, because all the infantry had retired at least five or six hours before us. We, however, got back safely, and accomplished the return journey in about a week. We found Stewart's ill-fated steamer on our road up, high and dry on a rock in a narrow channel on the right of the river, close to Boni Island. We are now at Merawi, thirty miles south of Korti, holding this place as an advanced post ensuring the safety of troops at Korti, and northwards at least from any party which may come down the Nile. There are here the Black Watch, fifty of the Camel Corps, two guns, and our solitary troop. This is a very healthy place, but a great many are sickening from the sun, fever, dysentery, and various other ailments, but I remain at present a model of health and hope of it. I have not had a single day's illness on the whole campaign to my recollection. We have lost our poor doctor, Surgeon Turner, who sickened of dysentery and died in three days of it. He was much loved by men of our regiment, he was so kind and sedulously attentive to the sick, and spared not even personal expense for their comfort. He attended me for some time when I was down with sunstroke and enteric fever. I am much put out to see that you are so ill again, but I suppose that it is the will of One greater than you or I, but I live in the hope of seeing you again in the flesh; but if otherwise, you will know that there is at least one sorrowing heart, although there is five thousand miles between us.

We are in all probability staying here on detachment until August, so the rumor goes; at any rate the campaign is practically at a standstill until the intensely hot summer months have passed. We have been fairly lucky ourselves, inasmuch as our total loss has not exceeded three — I mean our regiment. I learn that we have lost eight gallant fellows at Suakim, who were cut off by the enemy, much blame being attached to a certain officer, whom I am ashamed to name. We are building ourselves mud huts on the bank of this unfortunate river. Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller inspected us on Wednes-

day last, when his lordship spoke highly of the gallantry of all troops in general, but especially of the 19th, whose smartness and excellence of work proved itself wherever it went. He enlarged on our detachment especially, who went through peculiar dangers in many ways, especially scouting. I must now conclude with very best love, as the mail leaves here in five minutes.

P.S. — We get no papers here.

Good Friday, 1885, Merawi, Soudan.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — This is in answer to yours of March 4, 1885. I am glad to hear from you, as it is so scarce a thing, owing, as you say, to pressure of business; and to find that you are enjoying good health, again to which I can say amen. My correspondence this mail is somewhat weighty, owing to a receipt of six letters and a *Mercury* of Valentine's Day, in which I read with some interest the account of our little, though important, battle of Kerbeka. I see also that, as usual, through all our three campaigns, the poor public-forgotten 19th Hussars has no mention, excepting that it captured the enemy's camp before their position was taken, with twenty banners, of which twenty I am the possessor of one. The account of General Earle's death is somewhat exaggerated. The real thing is this. After the whole of the position was taken, Earle went up the rocks to inspect a small hut (mud) in which some rebels were suspected to be secreted. He was warned not to do so, but he poked his head in at the hole used for a window, put it out again, and beckoned to some one below. Again he put his head in at the fatal window, and as he withdrew it and looked around again, the muzzle of a rifle was placed close to the back of the general's head, and the vagabond inside blew his brains out, the charge coming out at the front of his helmet; the fellow then threw the rifle at him. The man was brought out of the house by Major Slade, of the intelligence department, and was instantly cut into a hundred pieces. There was another house found with a horse and camel, and inside were twenty-six men and their store of ammunition, and the whole lot were burnt alive in the house, and blown to atoms by the continuous exploding ammunition; the horse and camel were also burnt to a cinder; so that really, you see, the general met with his death through inadvertence. He was a brave man, and deserves all credit. When our column marched out on that eventful Pancake Day we Hussars scouted away in front of all; next came the poor

general leading the infantry, amongst whom was Colonel Eyre, of the Staffordshire regiment, notable in that he rose from the ranks; and when the general gave the order to charge the enemy, Eyre was the first up the hill, and turning round he shouted, "Come on, you men of Staffordshire; I'll take this point or die in the attempt;" upon which the men rushed up the hill and took it gallantly, and bayoneted every Arab in it; but the brave old colonel was shot down. We knew that the two regiments who accompanied us that morning were tried and experienced men, and therefore had great faith in ultimate conquest. Our little party of cavalry went on, shooting and capturing the fugitives, who made for the hills, but few reached them. At one time I was sent to the top of a pile of rocks to reconnoitre the surrounding country, when, casually looking round, I beheld to my horror an Arab spearman lying concealed in a cleft of the rock. My first impulse was to raise my carbine and send his soul to that place where all good niggers go, but on second thought I lowered it again, thinking he might be useful for information, etc. So I disarmed him and sent him down the rocks to my comrades below, who took him prisoner. That day I found two old *Tower* rifles (flintlocks) — however they got up here; two banners, one of which I am keeping, and several knives of all descriptions, and spears, etc., etc.

I am the recipient of six letters, as I told you: one from mother, one from yourself, one from George, one from Alice, one from Tom Gregory, who addresses me as corporal, and one from my chum, who is in Abbassiyeh, and concerning whom I have written to mother before. He was not able to come up with the regiment, owing to sickness. Our work here in Merawi is somewhat stiff, owing to the small number of men stationed here. The Black Watch only numbers about five hundred, and indeed the whole of us, all arms, do not number a thousand. We are well defended from a sudden rush of the enemy (who may come here from across the desert at any moment) by two forts, and three rows of wire entanglements which surround the camp. One fort is a little redoubt away to the north-east of the camp, and christened Fort St. Andrew, in honor of the patron saint of Scotland, the 42nd (Black Watch) having built it themselves. At this juncture I must confine my remarks, although I could send you much more.

WILLIAM H. SAUNDERS,
G Troop, 19th Hussars.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. CAVENDISH lived in one of the great houses in Portland Place which fashion has abandoned. It was very silent, wrapped in that stillness and decorum which is one of the chief signs of an entirely well-regulated house, also of a place in which life is languid and youth does not exist. Frances followed her mother with a beating heart through the long wide hall and large staircase, over soft carpets, on which their feet made no sound. She thought they were stealing in like ghosts to some silent place in which mystery of one kind or other must attend them; but the room they were ushered into was only a very large, very still drawing-room, in painfully good order, inhabited by nothing but a fire, which made a little sound and flicker that preserved it from utter death. The blinds were drawn half over the windows; the long curtains hung down in dark folds. There were none of the quaintnesses, the modern æstheticisms, the crowds of small picturesque articles of furniture impeding progress, in which Lady Markham delighted. The furniture was all solid, durable — what upholsterers call very handsome — huge mirrors over the mantelpieces, a few large portraits in chalk on the walls, solemn ornaments on the table; a large and brilliantly painted china flower-pot enclosing a large plant of the palm kind, dark green and solemn, like everything else, holding the place of honor. It was very warm and comfortable, full of low easy-chairs and sofas, but at the same time very severe and forbidding, like a place into which the common occupations of life were never brought.

"She never sits here," said Lady Markham in a low tone. "She has a morning room that is cosy enough. She comes up here after dinner, when Mr. Cavendish takes a nap before conning his briefs for the ensuing day; and he comes up at ten o'clock for ten minutes and takes a cup of tea. Then she goes to bed. That is about all the intercourse they have, and all the time the drawing-room is occupied, except when people come to call. That is why it has such a depressing look."

"Is she not happy, then?" said Frances wistfully, which was a silly question, as she now saw as soon as she had uttered it.

"Happy! Oh, probably just as happy as other people. That is not a question

that is ever asked in society, my dear. Why shouldn't she be happy? She has everything she has ever wished for — plenty of money — for they are very rich — her husband quite distinguished in his sphere, and in the way of advancement. What could she want more? She is a lucky woman, as women go."

"Still she must be dull, with no one to speak to," said Frances, looking round her with a glance of dismay. What she thought was, that it would probably be her duty to come here to make a little society for her aunt, and her heart sank at the sight of this decent, nay, handsome gloom, with a sensation which Mariuccia's kitchen at home, which only looked on the court, or the dimly lighted rooms of the villagers, had never given her. The silence was terrible, and struck a chill to her heart. Then all at once the door opened, and Mrs. Cavendish came in, taking the young visitor entirely by surprise; for the soft carpets and thick curtains so entirely shut out all sound, that she seemed to glide in like a ghost to the ghosts already there. Frances, unaccustomed to English comfort, was startled by the absence of sound, and missed the indication of the footstep on the polished floor, which had so often warned her to lay aside her innocent youthful visions at the sound of her father's approach. Mrs. Cavendish coming in so softly seemed to arrest them in the midst of their talk about her, bringing a flush to Frances's face. She was a tall woman, fair and pale, with cold gray eyes, and an air which was like that of her rooms — the air of being unused, of being put against the wall like the handsome furniture. She came up stiffly to Lady Markham, who went to meet her with effusion, holding out both hands.

"I am so glad to see you, Charlotte. I feared you might be out, as it was such a beautiful day."

"Is it a beautiful day? It seemed to me cold, looking out. I am not very energetic, you know — not like you. Have I seen this young lady before?"

"You have not seen her for a long time, not since she was a child; nor I either, which is more wonderful. This is Frances. Charlotte, I told you I expected —"

"My brother's child!" Mrs. Cavendish said, fixing her eyes upon the girl, who came forward with shy eagerness. She did not open her arms, as Frances expected. She inspected her carefully and coldly, and ended by saying, "But she is like you," with a certain tone of reproach.

"That is not my fault," said Lady Markham, almost sharply; and then she added: "For the matter of that, they are both your brother's children — though, unfortunately, mine too."

"You know my opinion on that matter," said Mrs. Cavendish; and then, and not till then, she gave Frances her hand, and stooping, kissed her on the cheek. "Your father writes very seldom, and I have never heard a word from you. All the same, I have always taken an interest in you. It must be very sad for you, after the life to which you have been accustomed, to be suddenly sent here without any will of your own."

"O no," said Frances. "I was very glad to come, to see mamma."

"That's the proper thing to say, of course," the other said with a cold smile. There was just enough of a family likeness to her father to arrest Frances in her indignation. She was not allowed time to make an answer, even had she possessed confidence enough to do so, for her aunt went on, without looking at her again: "I suppose you have heard from Constance? It must be difficult for her too, to reconcile herself with the different kind of life. My brother's quiet ways are not likely to suit a young lady about town."

"Frances will be able to tell you all about it," said Lady Markham, who kept her temper with astonishing self-control. "She only arrived last night. I would not delay a moment in bringing her to you. Of course, you will like to hear. Markham, who went to fetch his sister, is of opinion that on the whole the change will do Constance good."

"I don't at all doubt it will do her good. To associate with my brother would do any one good — who is worthy of it; but of course it will be a great change for her. And this child will be kept just long enough to be infected with worldly ways, and then sent back to him spoilt for his life. I suppose, Lady Markham, that is what you intend?"

"You are so determined to think badly of me," said Lady Markham, "that it is vain for me to say anything; or else I might remind you that Con's going off was a greater surprise to me than to any one. You know what were my views for her?"

"Yes. I rather wonder why you take the trouble to acquaint me with your plans," Mrs. Cavendish said.

"It is foolish, perhaps; but I have a feeling that as Edward's only near relation —"

"Oh, I am sure I am much obliged to you for your consideration," the other cried quickly. "Constance was never influenced by me; though I don't wonder that her soul revolted at such a marriage as you had prepared for her."

"Why?" cried Lady Markham quickly, with an astonished glance. Then she added with a smile: "I am afraid you will see nothing but harm in any plan of mine. Unfortunately, Con did not like the gentleman whom I approved. I should not have put any force upon her. One can't nowadays, if one wished to. It is contrary, as she says herself, to the spirit of the times. But if you will allow me to say so, Charlotte, Con is too like her father to bear anything, to put up with anything that —"

"Thank heaven," cried Mrs. Cavendish, "she is indeed a little like her dear father, notwithstanding a training so different. And this one, I suppose — this one you find like you?"

"I am happy to think she is a little, in externals at least," said Lady Markham, taking Frances's hand in her own. "But Edward has brought her up, Charlotte; that should be a passport to your affections at least."

Upon this, Mrs. Cavendish came down as from a pedestal, and addressed herself to the girl, over whose astonished head this strange dialogue had gone. "I am afraid, my dear, you will think me very hard and disagreeable," she said. "I will not tell you why, though I think I could make out a case. How is your dear father? He writes seldomer and seldomer — sometimes not even at Christmas; and I am afraid you have little sense of family duties, which is a pity at your age."

Frances did not know how to reply to this accusation, and she was confused and indignant, and little disposed to attempt to please. "Papa," she said, "is very well. I have heard him say that he could not write letters — our life was so quiet there was nothing to say."

"Ah, my dear, that is all very well for strangers, or for those who care more about the outside than the heart. But he might have known that anything, everything, would be interesting to me. It is just your quiet life that I like to hear about. Society has little attraction for me. I suppose you are half an Italian, are you? and know nothing about English life."

"She looks nothing but English," said Lady Markham in a sort of parenthesis.

"The only people I know are English,"

said Frances. "Papa is not fond of society. We see the Gaunts and the Durants, but nobody else. I have always tried to be like my own country-people, as well as I could."

"And with great success, my dear," said her mother, with a smiling look.

Mrs. Cavendish said nothing, but looked at her with silent criticism. Then she turned to Lady Markham. "Naturally," she said, "I should like to make acquaintance with my niece, and hear all the details about my dear brother; but that can't be done in a morning call. Will you leave her with me for the day? Or may I have her to-morrow, or the day after? Any time will suit me."

"She only arrived last night, Charlotte. I suppose even you will allow that the mother should come first. Thursday, Frances shall spend with you, if that suits you?"

"Thursday, the third day," said Mrs. Cavendish, ostentatiously counting on her fingers, "during which interval you will have full time — O yes, Thursday will suit me. The mother of course conventionally has, as you say, the first right."

"Conventionally and naturally too," Lady Markham replied; and then there was a silence, and they sat looking at each other. Frances, who felt her innocent self to be something like the bone of contention over which these two ladies were wrangling, sat with downcast eyes confused and indignant, not knowing what to do or say. The mistress of the house did nothing to dissipate the embarrassment of the moment; she seemed to have no wish to set her visitors at their ease, and the pause, during which the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece and the occasional fall of ashes from the fire came in as a sort of chorus or symphony, loud and distinct, to fill up the interval, was half painful, half ludicrous. It seemed to the quick ears of the girl thus suddenly introduced into the arena of domestic conflict, that there was a certain irony in this inarticulate commentary upon those petty miseries of life.

At last, at the end of what seemed half an hour of silence, Lady Markham rose and spread her wings — or at least shook out her silken draperies, which comes to the same thing. "As that is settled, we need not detain you any longer," she said.

Mrs. Cavendish rose too, slowly. "I cannot expect," she replied, "that you will give up your valuable time to me; but mine is not so much occupied. I will expect you, Frances, before one o'clock on

Thursday. I lunch at one; and then if there is anything you want to see or do, I shall be glad to take you wherever you like. I suppose I may keep her to dinner? Mr. Cavendish will like to make acquaintance with his niece."

"Oh, certainly; as long as you and she please," said Lady Markham with a smile. "I am not a mediæval parent, as poor Con says."

"Yet it was on that ground that Constance abandoned you and ran away to her father," quoth the implacable antagonist.

Lady Markham, calm as she was, grew red to her hair. "I don't think Constance has abandoned me," she cried hastily; "and if she has, the fault is — But there is no discussion possible between people so hopelessly biased as you and I," she added, recovering her composure. "Mr. Cavendish is well, I hope?"

"Very well. Good-morning, since you will go," said the mistress of the house. She dropped another cold kiss upon Frances's cheek. It seemed to the girl, indeed, who was angry and horrified, that it was her aunt's nose, which was a long one and very chilly, which touched her. She made no response to this nasal salutation. She felt, indeed, that to give a slap to that other cheek would be much more expressive of her sentiments than a kiss, and followed her mother down-stairs hot with resentment. Lady Markham, too, was moved. When she got into her brougham, she leaned back in her corner and put her handkerchief lightly to the corner of each eye. Then she laughed, and put her hand upon Frances's arm.

"You are not to think I am grieving," she said; "it is only rage. Did you ever know such a — But, my dear, we must recollect that it is natural — that she is on *the other side*."

"Is it natural to be so unkind, to be so cruel?" cried Frances. "Then, mamma, I shall hate England, where I once thought everything was good."

"Everything is not good anywhere, my love; and society, I fear, above all, is far from being perfect — not that your poor dear aunt Charlotte can be said to be in society," Lady Markham added, recovering her spirits. "I don't think they see anybody but a few lawyers like themselves."

"But, mamma, why do you go to see her? Why do you endure it? You promised for me, or I should never go back, neither on Thursday nor any other time."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Frances, my

dear! I hope you have not got those headstrong Waring ways. Because she hates me, that is no reason why she should hate you. Even Con saw as much as that. You are of her own blood, and her near relation, and I never heard that *he* took very much to any of the young people on his side. And they are very rich. A man like that, at the head of his profession, must be coining money. It would be wicked of me, for any little tempers of mine, to risk what might be a fortune for my children. And you know I have very little more than my jointure, and your father is not rich."

This exposition of motives was like another language to Frances. She gazed at her mother's soft face, so full of sweetness and kindness, with a sense that she was under the sway of motives and influences which had been left out in her own simple education. Was it supreme and self-denying generosity, or was it—something else? The girl was too inexperienced, too ignorant to tell. But the contrast between Lady Markham's wonderful temper and forbearance and the harsh and ungenerous tone of her aunt, moved her heart out of the region of reason. "If you put up with all that for us, I cannot see any reason why we should put up with it for you!" she cried indignantly. "She cannot have any right to speak to my mother so—and before me."

"Ah, my darling, that is just the sweetness of it to her. If we were alone, I should not mind; she might say what she liked. It is because of you that she can make me feel—a little. But you must take no notice; you must leave me to fight my own battles."

"Why?" Frances flung up her young head, till she looked about a foot taller than her mother. "I will never endure it, mamma: you may say what you like. What is her fortune to me?"

"My love!" she exclaimed; "why, you little savage, her fortune is everything to you! It may make all the difference." Then she laughed rather tremulously, and leaning over, bestowed a kiss upon her stranger child's half-reluctant cheek. "It is very, very sweet of you to make a stand for your mother," she said, "and when you know so little of me. The horrid people in society would say that was the reason; but I think you would defend your mother anyhow, my Frances, my child that I have always missed! But look here, dear. You must not do it. I am old enough to take care of myself. And your poor aunt Cavendish is not so

bad as you think. She believes she has reason for it. She is very fond of your father, and she has not seen him for a dozen years; and there is no telling whether she may ever see him again; and she thinks it is my fault. So you must not take up arms on my behalf till you know better. And it would be so much to your advantage if she should take a fancy to you, my dear. Do you think I could ever reconcile myself, for any *amour propre* of mine, to stand in my child's way?"

Once more, Frances was unable to make any reply. All the lines of sentiment and sense to which she had been accustomed seemed to be getting blurred out. Where she had come from, a family stood together, shoulder by shoulder. They defended each other, and even revenged each other; and though the law might disapprove, public opinion stood by them. A child who looked on careless while its parents were assailed would have been to Mariuccia an odious monster. Her father's opinions on such a subject, Frances had never known; but as for fortune, he would have smiled that disdainful smile of his at the suggestion that she should pay court to any one because he was rich. Wealth meant having few wants, she had heard him say a thousand times. It might even have been supposed from his conversation that he scorned rich people for being rich, which of course was an exaggeration. But he could never, never have wished her to endeavor to please an unkind, disagreeable person because of her money. That was impossible. So that she made no reply, and scarcely even, in her confusion, responded to the caress with which her mother thanked her for the partisanship, which it appeared was so out of place.

From The National Review.

THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

V.

POETRY, MUSIC, AND PAINTING: COLERIDGE AND KEATS.

IN a passage of his "Life of Byron," interesting as giving a poet's estimate of the inspiring forces of his age, Moore describes the effects of the drama of the French Revolution on contemporary imagination.

There are those [says he] who trace, in the

peculiar character of Lord Byron's genius, strong features of relationship to the times in which he lived; who think that the great events which marked the close of the last century, by giving a new impulse to men's minds, by habituating them to the daring and the free, and allowing full vent to the "flash and outbreak of fiery spirits," had naturally led to the production of such a poet as Byron; and that he was in short as much the child and representative of the Revolution, in poesy, as another great man of the age, Napoleon, was in statesmanship and warfare. Without going the full length of this notion, it will, at least, be conceded, that the free loose which had been given to all the passions and energies of the human mind, in the great struggle of that period, together with the constant spectacle of such astounding vicissitudes as were passing, almost daily, on the theatre of the world, had created, in all minds, and in every walk of intellect, a taste for strong excitement, which the stimulants supplied from ordinary sources were insufficient to gratify; that a tame deference to established authorities had fallen into disrepute, no less in literature than in politics, and that the poet who should breathe into his songs the fierce and passionate spirit of the age, and assert, untrammelled and unawed, the high dominion of genius, would be most sure of an audience toned in sympathy with his strains.

Dull, indeed, must the spirit have been which failed to catch some inspiring fervor from the atmosphere of those extraordinary times. The ages of romantic action seemed to have revived. While historic dynasties were overthrown in a single night, while every common soldier felt that he might carry his marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack, while obscure adventurers seated themselves on the most ancient thrones of Europe, it would have been strange if imagination had been anything but romantic. Byron may be the best poetical representative of the revolutionary forces of the period, but he is by no means the only one. Their influence is equally visible in the fire and flow of Shelley's verse. The romantic spirit, indeed, makes itself felt in the work of those whose temper is most opposed to the revolutionary movement. Campbell, who in another age would probably have had to rest content with such reputation as he might have acquired from "The Pleasures of Hope," is inspired with "The Battle of the Baltic" and "Hohenlinden;" while if Byron may be claimed as the special child of cosmopolitanism, patriotism can at least boast of having informed the better part of the genius of Scott.

But while the French Revolution quickened the spirit of romantic action in po-

etry, it also gave birth to the more enduring movement of romance in philosophical thought. The outburst of liberty and the expansion of genius, coinciding as they did with the advance of democracy, encouraged the spread of the optimism cherished by all the philosophers who derived their descent from Rousseau. A belief in the unlimited progress of the human race took possession of most reflecting minds. The vast development of physical science, and the revolution which this entailed in man's *circumstances*, were supposed to be accompanied by a corresponding enlargement of his virtue, his wisdom, and of his corporal powers. Condorcet assured his disciples that they might hope for the unlimited prolongation of life. Shelley, treading in the steps of his French masters, insisted that, if we could only get rid of the debasing superstitions of Christianity, we might expect to become perfectly good and happy. Others, to heighten the charms of the smiling prospect, indulged the idea that as man was destined in this life to develop moral and physical capacities far in advance of anything he could at present conceive, so he might look forward to the conquest and possession of untold treasures of art, latent in a new world of imagination.

Prominent among these sanguine prophets was Wordsworth. Like many other enthusiastic young men of talent he had hailed the beginning of the French Revolution, and had excused as natural its bloody excesses. Even when its true nature dawned on his mind, and he saw that the Jacobin movement was directed against the cause of liberty, he retained a chastened faith that the future would behold the realization of the glowing hopes and visions in which he had indulged. So noble a principle as liberty, he felt sure, could not fail to be the pioneer of moral progress, and always in the van of human movement he saw the poet's imagination cheering on the race to fresh conquests. Arguing against those who entertained a contracted and artificial view of the nature of poetry, and who adhered to the current theories of poetic diction, —

The objects [he cried] of the poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wherever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. . . . The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar

to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of their respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings.

In these words we find the first application to poetry of the revolutionary theory of perpetual progress. The belief is an amiable one, but it can scarcely be entertained without ignoring facts in the history of art which raise an entirely different presumption. Could Wordsworth have pointed to a single nation in which poetry of the highest order had been produced in the full maturity of philosophy and natural science? Plato declared that there was an old-standing quarrel between philosophy and poetry, and resolved to banish the poets from his ideal republic. It would be difficult to name a Greek or Latin poet of the highest creative order who arose after Aristotle had produced his "Physics" or Pliny his "Natural History." Galileo was an enthusiastic student of Tasso's poetry, but I never heard of any Italian poet who derived his inspiration from the scientific discoveries of Galileo.

And, again, if Wordsworth had been asked to account, on his hypothesis of constant progress in poetry, for the extreme regularity of the phenomena that mark the rise, development, and decline of the art, it is difficult to see what answer he could have returned. The golden age of poetical production is as a rule confined within well-marked epochs of national history. Greece has its great epic period; its great lyrical period; its great dramatic period; afterwards comes the age of decadence, brightened by the genius of Theocritus, and closing with the Anthology. Rome produces her Lucretius and Catullus; then her Horace and Virgil; then her Juvenal, and, of course, the inevitable epigrammatist, Martial. Dante in Italy is followed by Ariosto and Tasso, but in the next generation the rage is for Marini. Spain's genius was less fertile in poetry, but she was the land of chivalry and romance, out of which rose the beautiful idiom of Cervantes, only to be succeeded, however, by the *estilo culto* of Gongora. If poetry in England survived the euphuism, the mannerism, and the affectation which disfigured the poetry of those whose attempts to combine the spirit of mediævalism with the spirit of the Renaissance rival the contortions of the Marinis and Gongoras of the Continent, this was chiefly thanks to the manly genius of Dryden, who brought fresh vitality into the art by dealing with life and manners according

to the tradition of Chaucer. And yet, genuine as the conservative movement of Dryden and his followers was, the English imagination felt that something was gone, that "there had passed away a glory from the earth." Look at the conclusion of the "Ode on the Poetical Character," and see how Collins, the most romantic representative of the classical school in the eighteenth century, felt as he gazed backwards on the vanished ages of imagination.

I view that oak the fancied glades among,
By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropped ethereal dew,
Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could
hear;
On which that ancient trump he reached was
hung!

Thither oft, his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain — such bliss to one alone
Of all the sons of soul, was known;
And Heaven and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturned the inspiring bowers,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future
view.

Such being the feelings of one of Wordsworth's immediate predecessors — and Collins's complaint is repeated in various forms by Gray and Cowper — it seems strange that the founder of the new romantic school should have cherished so firm a persuasion of the boundless resources of poetry. A closer examination of his views, however, renders his conclusions less surprising. He believed that the English poets had been long following a false track, and that he had himself discovered the only true principles of poetical composition. The old-fashioned poet may be said to resemble the Demiurgus of Plato's "Timæus." Creator as he is, he creates not the subject matter of his art, which he finds already existing chaotically in the mind of his nation, but the ideal form and order in which those scattered ideas must be presented to the people. This realm of national imagination has a natural tendency to contract. Scientific methods of thought deprive it of much ground over which, in the infancy of society, it was accustomed to range with perfect freedom. The growth of commerce, and of artificial manners, extinguishes the local life, customs, and traditions out of which, during the active, warlike ages, are woven ballad poetry and romance. And not only does the ground of imagination contract before the en-

croachment of external forces, but it is occupied as property by the elder poets, so that La Bruyère has some reason for his complaint: "Les anciens ont tout dit; on vient aujourd'hui trop tard pour dire des choses nouvelles."

To these considerations, however, Wordsworth's answer was simple. He held that the real source of poetry is the mind of the individual poet, and that *all* feelings and impressions which it receives from the outside world become proper subject matter for poetry after passing through the crucible of imagination. Hence his conclusion, "Poetry is immortal as the heart of man," since nature is boundless, and the poet is at perfect liberty to cast his impressions into an imaginative mould just as his individual caprice may dictate. Of course, if this be really so, *cadit questio*; because, as the impressions of every individual are different, the number of metrical combinations in which they can be expressed will be infinite.

But is it so? Look at the poetry of Wordsworth himself, and see how his theory works out. If all the poems included in his published works were composed on his own principle, and were valuable in themselves, his reasoning would be colorable, for in mere bulk his metrical writings are weighty enough. When, however, these are classified, we find that one large group, containing among others such noble poems as "Laodamia," and the "Ode on Immortality," is composed on the old lines, the poet having founded his subject on universal associations, and simply cast them into an ideal form. Of another large class, such as "The Excursion," "The Prelude," "The White Doe of Rylstone," and "Peter Bell," we may say that they are so entirely wanting in the primary qualities of poetical design, unity, and proportion, that, whatever individual beauties they may possess, they have no title to be considered works of art. Wordsworth himself pronounces judgment on compositions of this kind when he says that their chief justification lies in their *moral* purpose. Mark, however, his admission: "*Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived.*" But no extensive work of art is worth anything that is not so conceived, because it is impossible that it can be an ideal whole. And yet once more, observe that striking characteristic which Coleridge notes in Wordsworth's poetry.

I affirm [says he] that from no contemporary writer could so many lines be quoted without

reference to the poem in which they are found for their own independent weight and beauty. From the sphere of my own experience, I can bring to my recollection three persons of no every-day powers and acquirements, who had read the poems of others with more and more unalloyed pleasure, and had thought more highly of their authors as poets; who have yet confessed to me that from no modern work had so many passages started up anew in their minds at different times, and as different occasions had awakened a different mood.

Coleridge satisfies himself with recording this phenomenon without attempting to account for it, and yet the explanation of it is full of interest from the light it throws on Wordsworth's theory of poetry. Of all the great English poets, Wordsworth has, it seems to me, least of the faculty of the Demiurgus. Endowed with an imagination of remarkable power and beauty, he is deficient in the highest of all poetical qualities, invention. His method of writing in verse is unlike that of almost all his predecessors. Poetry he defines to be "the *spontaneous* overflow of powerful emotion;" and this, no doubt, sufficiently describes his own principle of composition which led him, after receiving a hint or impulse from the external world, immediately to give it expression in metre. But to the operations of the presiding faculty of the mind which shapes impressions into an ideal whole, admitting some and rejecting others, according as they are related to a central design, he was almost a stranger. His ideas were quickly received and sharply returned, in individual and isolated forms. Hence, as I have already said, his longer poems are without form and void: on the other hand no man ever employed with more force and felicity that mould of poetry which is specially adapted for the expression of individual thought, namely, the sonnet.

If Wordsworth's poetry vividly illustrates the practical worth of his theory, Coleridge's work shows us the natural development of the romantic movement in the hands of a genuine inventor. The latter had embraced Wordsworth's philosophy of poetry, of which indeed he was the joint author, but being a born artist, he dissented from his friend's application of it. He agreed with him in deriving all poetry from the mind of the individual poet, and his love of metaphysics induced him to believe that he could penetrate behind the veil of sense, and establish a transcendental basis for the law of the association of ideas. Like Wordsworth, too, he was transported with a belief in

the boundless range of the imagination, and was an enthusiast for its perfect liberty. "How oft," he cries, in the fine opening of his "France" —

How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I
wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable
sound!

O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty!

And yet the recipient of all these varied impressions has left only four poems with which his name will be forever associated, "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Kahn," and (on a lower level) "The Dark Ladie." What is the cause of this comparative sterility in the midst of such abundant resources? Partly, no doubt, the one usually assigned, want of will and resolute purpose. Coleridge wasted his powers on a multiplicity of designs which he had never sufficient perseverance to carry into execution. The dream of pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna, "The Watchman," and a hundred vast projects of theology and metaphysics, all tell the same tale. In poetry, however, it is only fair to remember that Coleridge always declared the cause of the paucity of his productions was not idleness but impotence. In the preface to "Christabel," published in 1816, he says: "Since 1800 my poetic powers have been till lately in a state of suspended animation;" and with his peculiar poetical aims, I hold that the statement is deserving of entire credit. He considered, as I have said, that the object of poetry was to excite subtle trains of imaginative associations; but he was not satisfied, like Wordsworth, with simply analyzing the impressions of his own mind. Feeling in himself the impulse of the inventor and creator, he was always searching after new "forms." Cowper, in "The Task," had been the first to show how a poem might be written, by simply following out a train of ideas, not embodied in a definite subject, but naturally connected with each other, and united by a moral purpose. To Coleridge's keen artistic perception this plan had not enough of unity, and he sought, as he tells us in his "Biographia Literaria," to improve on it, by taking as his subject a brook, which

he conceived might be treated, with all its associations of ideas, as it widened into a river and made its way to the sea. His genius, however, was of far too weird and romantic an order to succeed in didactic poetry, and soon abandoning his enterprise, he set himself to look for "fresh woods" in other directions. Though, of course, he would not have admitted anything of the kind, I think it is evident that he next began to reason on the subtle affinities between sound and sense, and to perceive that isolated romantic images might be so linked together by mere metrical movement as to produce the effect of unity which the mind requires in an ideal creation. He resolved, in fact, deliberately to compose as a "musician." We see this very plainly in the beautiful fragment entitled "The Knight's Grave," which was confessedly composed as an experiment in metre.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled his leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone, — and the birch in its stead has grown.
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

There is very little necessary logical connection between the images contained in these verses, and yet I should think scarcely any one could read them without being affected by their subtle pathos. Probably the motive of the composition was the word "Helvellyn," which is musical in its sound, and, as the name of a mountain, carries with it romantic associations. To connect these with the grave of a knight was a natural sequence of thought, and the disappearance of the oak which had once grown in the place of the young birch tree, as chivalry had preceded the modern order of society, is beautifully suggestive. But the unity of the piece lies in the dactylic movement of the metre, which probably came into the poet's mind in connection with the name which he invented to rhyme with Helvellyn, and which is admirably adapted to convey the desired feeling.

So little does the effect of Coleridge's poetry depend upon the logical sequence of ideas, that of his four really characteristic poems, three, viz., "Christabel," "Kubla Kahn," and "The Dark Ladie," are fragments; one "Kubla Kahn," is said

to have been composed in a dream, while "The Ancient Mariner" was founded, so far as the bulk of the story is concerned, on the dream of a friend. All this is the almost inevitable result of his method of composition. He declared, indeed, that he had always intended to finish "Christabel," the story being complete in his mind, but had he done so, the result must have been unsatisfactory, for while in the poem, as it is, the mind passes on satisfied from one image to another, it is impossible that so wild a tale could ever have had a conclusion more rational than a dream. "The Ancient Mariner" is complete, but we do not read it, nor was it composed, for the sake of the action or the moral. As we know, it was put together piecemeal after the manner of "The Knight's Grave," and the effect, both in this poem and in "Christabel," is produced by the combination of isolated, weird, and romantic images in a strange, elfin metre. We are not affected by any human interest in either story, but by the vivid pictures of

The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky ;

or of

The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet :
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet ;

or by such melodies as —

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow ;
Nor any day for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

and

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

Coleridge is in fact the great musician of the romantic school of English poetry. His practice is the exact antithesis of Wordsworth's theory that there is no essential difference between the language of poetry and the language of prose. In him metrical movement is all in all. He was the first to depart from the lofty, severe iambic movement which had satisfied the feeling of the eighteenth century, and, by associating picturesque images and antique phrases in melodious and flow-

ing metres, to set the imagination free in a world quite removed from actual experience. His invention exercised a profound influence upon the course of English verse-composition. "Christabel," as we know, inspired the metrical movement in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and since "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina" are obviously prompted by "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Byron's repudiation of plagiarism, in "The Siege of Corinth," from "Christabel," which had only just been published, must be taken as applying to the thought, and not to the music of the poem.

An analogous movement, though quite in another direction, is observable in the poetry of Keats. Keats's method of composition was, in every principle, opposed to that of the Lake school. Wordsworth and Coleridge regarded liberty as the main spring of all human action, and the latter, though he was far from putting his moral principles into practice, justifies the movement of the French Revolution, as I have shown in the passage quoted from his "France," by the operation of the laws of external nature. Similarly it was Wordsworth's object in poetry "to choose incidents and situations from common life . . . and at the same time to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect." For this purpose the imagination required the sovereign liberty and transmutative power which Wordsworth claimed for it, and which it could exert with little difficulty in the midst of the romantic associations of the Lake district. But to Keats, the child of London parents, and accustomed from infancy to the mean and sordid routine of city life, nature imparted none of those philosophical and moral ideas which she aroused in the poet of the Cumberland mountains. The liberty of the imagination meant for him something very different from the revolutionary yearnings of the period.

Though I do not know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of men ; though no great ministering reason
sorts
Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving, yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty ; thence, too, I've seen
The end and aim of Poesy.

To the future of humanity which occupied so large a part of Shelley's thoughts he was profoundly indifferent. Fame —

Fame the last spur that the clear spirit doth
raise

To spurn delights and live laborious days —

was the object of his scornful ridicule; human *action* of any kind — even of the romantic ballads that had stirred the heart of Sir Philip Sidney “like the sound of a trumpet,” and of history that had inspired some of the noblest of Shakespeare’s dramas — was nothing to him compared to the emotion of an ideal love-scene: —

Hence pageant history! hence gilded cheat!
Swart planet in the wilderness of deeds!
Wide sea that one continuous murmur breeds
Along the pebbled shore of memory!
Many old rotten-timbered boats there be
Upon thy vaporous bosom magnified
To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride,
And golden-keeled is left unlaunched and dry.
But wherefore this? What care though owl
did fly

Above the great Athenian admiral’s mast?
What care though striding Alexander past
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
Though old Ulysses tortured from his slum-
bers

The glutton Cyclops, what care? Juliet lean-
ing

Amid her window flowers — sighing — weaning
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow
Doth more avail than these: the silver flow
Of Hero’s tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit’s den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of Empires.

One cause alone can explain and excuse this unblushingly avowed preference for the feminine over the masculine motives of composition, — namely, physical debility. To this indulgence Keats is entitled; and, yet when we think of the fiery spirit that has fretted out many a puny body, it is difficult to read without disgust the following confession of an apparently contented materialist: —

This morning I am in a sort of temper indolent and supremely careless; I long after a stanza or two of Thomson’s “Castle of Indolence;” my passions are all asleep, from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me to a delightful sensation about three degrees on this side faintness. If I had teeth of pearl, and the breath of lilies, I should call it languor; but as I am, I must call it laziness. In this state of effeminacy the fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree, that pleasure has no show of enticement, and pain no unbearable frown; neither Poetry nor Ambition nor Love have any alertness of countenance; as they pass by me they seem rather like those figures on a Greek urn, two men and a woman, whom no one but myself could distinguish in their dis-

guisement. *This is the only happiness, and is a rare instance of advantage in the body overpowering the mind.*

We have in this passage a clear index of Keats’s motive when he was in the comparatively active mood of poetical composition. To the vivid and powerful imagination which worked within his diseased frame, “the vast idea,” “the end and aim of Poesy,” of which he speaks in his lines on “Sleep and Poetry,” was to escape from the detested surroundings of actual life into the ideal world which was ever floating before his mind’s eye. In his earlier poems he seems to be haunted by the fear lest he should die before he had time to execute his purpose. The difficulty was to find a form of metrical composition adapted to the expression of his conception. Though, in its repugnance to the actual and the real, his imagination is akin to that of Coleridge, yet the mind of the latter was of a much more energetic and manly order, while the metrical music which he invented had too much of continuous action to depict adequately the steadfast and isolated images which Keats’s fancy loved to evoke. Nor could the younger poet make anything of an extended narrative in verse. As a *story*, “Endymion” deserves all that its worst enemies ever said of it. “Hyperion” shows a remarkable advance, but it is well that Keats left it a fragment, for it is plain that, with his effeminate notion of Apollo, he could never have invented any kind of action which would have interested the reader in learning how the old Titan Sun-god was turned out of his kingdom. The poem, in its language, challenges comparison with “Paradise Lost,” where Milton is confronted with the same difficulty, yet even he, with all his skill in construction and his noble power of representing character, often contends vainly against the poverty of human interest and incident inherent in his subject.

Keats evidently felt that in “Endymion” he had not reached his “end and aim of Poesy.” But he was on the right track. In “Sleep and Poetry” he lets us see very plainly, though he is himself scarcely conscious of the fact, that the source of his inspiration is sculpture and painting. In looking on a picture by Titian, or on the reliefs on a Grecian urn, his fancy lit on objects which carried him away into a world entirely remote from his actual circumstances, and we see him in “Endymion” constantly trying to reproduce, in words, the image of some landscape or figure which he remembers

in painting. These isolated pictures, indeed — every one will recall the description of Adonis asleep, of Cybele drawn by her lions, and the beautiful processional song of the Bacchanals — are the only successful parts of the poem. But in his later works he had found his foothold, and in "St. Agnes' Eve," the "Ode to a Nightingale," the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and other short poems of the same kind, he shows that he has discovered a group of sculpturesque and picturesque subjects — subjects, that is to say, which suggest permanent forms in the midst of constant material change — on which his imagination can work with perfect happiness and freedom. He has realized his own ideal. As he says in the last stanza of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" —

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of
thought
As doth eternity: cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou
sayst
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty" — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

With what skill he had learned to call up a picture in all its distinctness of form and color before the imagination, is best seen in the opening stanzas of "St. Agnes' Eve," and in the unrivalled description of the painted window in the same poem: —

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and branches of knot-
grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint de-
vice
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked
wings,
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of
queens and kings.

It is, in fact, evident that, just as Coleridge, by an instinctive process, learned how to produce musical effects in language by combinations of metrical sounds, so Keats came gradually to perceive the analogy between painting and poetry latent in the picturesque associations of individual words. We see the tendency betraying itself early, in his sonnet on Chapman's Homer; in its maturity, in the beautiful lines, —

Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn;

in the passage that follows, —

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self;

and in the lines in "Lamia," —

Then once again the charmed god began
An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran,
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.

And it is carried to its height in the wonderful description immediately connected with these lines — a passage in which the distinctness of the painting is equalled by its loathliness — depicting the agony of the serpent during her transformation into a woman.

These are remarkable achievements, which only those who are insensible to the power of genius are likely to under-rate. Both Coleridge and Keats must be regarded as *inventors* in the art of poetry, and, as we know, Virgil gives inventors of all kinds a place beside the poets in Elysium.

Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.

I think it will not be contended that I have sought grudgingly to deprive the romantic poets of the honors that are justly their due. On the other hand, it would be the mark of a feeble or a servile mind to shrink, either in deference to the authority of genius, or in gratitude for the boon of novelty, from inquiring whether those who in this century have discovered fresh arts of metrical composition, have always "spoken things worthy of Phœbus." I must go one step farther. I think that men of impartial judgment will not deny that whatever results may be achieved by the new methods must be achieved by the sacrifice of some principle which lies at the foundation of what the world has agreed to regard as the highest kinds of poetry.

Look at Wordsworth's method, for instance. There can be no doubt that, by carefully watching the individual impressions made on his own mind by objects in the external world, it may be possible for a man of genius and imagination to notice many subtle beauties which may have escaped general observation, and to record them in a striking metrical form. But it is absolutely essential that if he adopt the principle of analysis, he should forego the principle of action; since he cannot form his conception in the sphere of imagination pure and simple, nor can he give to

his creation that extension and proportion which is indispensable to any great ideal whole. Moreover, by basing poetry solely on the analysis of his own impressions, he necessarily deprives the art of its ancient *social* influence, because, as Scott justly says, he can have no guarantee that a record of his individual experience will have power to arouse in the minds of his hearers those universal associations to which the great masters of verse appeal.

Again, a man may follow in the track of Coleridge and Keats, and make it his chief aim to touch the imagination by discovering new associations of metrical sound, or fresh combinations of picturesque words. But do not let it be argued that those who devote themselves to this pursuit are enlarging the boundaries of the art, when in fact they are sensibly contracting them. Poetry contains in itself the principles of painting, sculpture, and music, but, in its highest forms, it only develops and employs these for the representation of some human interest and action. For instance, the passage in the "Penseroso":—

Of on a plot of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Here is the law of association at work in all its power, a number of apparently unconnected images being combined, as in "Christabel," in a musical metre; but, unlike "Christabel," the unity of the poem lies, not in the music, but in the thought, namely, the description of the features of melancholy.

As to painting, there is almost as much highly wrought imagery to be found in a *simile* of Homer or of Ariosto, as in a whole poem of Keats, and yet with them the simile is merely a halting-place for repose in the midst of a swift narrative of ideal action. Is there anything in Keats that can match the following as a picture?—

And at a stately sideboard, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees, now tripped now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades

With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knight of Logres or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore;
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and
winds
Of gentlest gales Arabian odors fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest
smells.

But will anybody say that this most noble passage was the motive of "Paradise Regained" in the sense that the desire to produce gorgeous word-colors was the motive of "St. Agnes' Eve"?

The nearer poetry approaches to painting, the farther must it depart from action, because a picture can only represent an action suspended in a single moment of time. And if you sacrifice action in poetry, you sacrifice all that makes it the noblest of the arts, since it alone is able to convey to the mind in a rational form an idea of the most lofty and energetic passions that sway the human heart. Of these Keats knew nothing. With his brilliant pictorial fancy, he was able to conjure up before his mind's eye all those *forms* of the pagan world which were, by his own confession, invisible to Wordsworth; but, on the other hand, to the actual strife of men, to the clash and conflict of opinion, to the moral meaning of the changes in social and political life, he was blind or insensible. Physical science he regarded as the enemy of poetry. "Do not all charms," he asks,—

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven;
We know her woof, her textures; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine,
Unweave a rainbow.

These lines appear to me to contain a world of suggestion. They speak with equal force, artistically, to enthusiasts who, like Wordsworth, contend that the sphere of poetry is co-extensive with the sphere of nature, and morally (in their pessimism and melancholy) to those other optimists who hold that the resources of art are boundless, so long as it is pursued simply for its own sake. To detach the imagination from its proper sphere, from the range of associations in which it can move with natural freedom, and to plunge it into the midst of common actual life, is

to confuse the limits that separate composition in verse from composition in prose; while, on the other hand, to struggle to get absolutely free from the world of sense and reality in pursuit of mere beauty of form, involves a relaxation of all the nerves and fibres of manly thought, the growth of affectation, and the consequent encouragement of all the emasculating influences that produce swift deterioration and final decay.

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE TORPEDO SCARE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Sir, — If I presume to endeavor to stem the tide of public opinion as regards the very great efficiency of the fish torpedo as a weapon of maritime warfare, it is not with any confidence in my powers of persuasion, or for the pleasure of controversy, but because I am perhaps the only person living who has commanded squadrons or single ships in war, where torpedoes were used as *offensive* weapons. — I am, yours truly,

HOBART PACHA.]

DURING the late Turco-Russian war, Russian torpedo-boats constantly attacked Turkish ships. These attacks were made not only by boats armed with the Pole and Harvey torpedo, but with the newest type of the Whitehead torpedo then invented. They were commanded by as active and gallant a set of men as ever stepped a ship's deck, and who made every possible effort to destroy Turkish ironclads, every one of which returned safely to Constantinople after the war. The only loss to the Turkish squadron was two small wooden gunboats blown up in the *Danube* through the carelessness of their commanders.

I venture to maintain that the power of the torpedo, as a weapon of offence as well as of defence, is enormously exaggerated. Were it not so, one might almost say that naval warfare would soon come to an end altogether, inasmuch as no fleet or ship could resist such a deadly weapon. Blockade of an enemy's port could not be maintained. Vessels could never lie at anchor near an enemy's coast. Fleets could not cruise in the neighborhood of hostile ships carrying torpedo-boats. Ports defended by torpedoes could not be attacked, harbors and estuaries could not be approached; and, in fact, none of the old systems of naval warfare could be put into execution. The courage

of naval officers, their coolness in time of action, their seamanlike qualities, of which some nations are so justly proud, would be put to a test in a manner altogether different from what has hitherto taken place. The sailor, although brave and cool in a fair fight, would be in constant dread of being hurled into the air without even the chance of striking a blow or firing a shot in self-defence. The writer of this, while commanding squadrons manned by men who have not only the unsurpassed courage of their race, but who have recourse when in danger to the almighty word *kismet*, and only think of danger *after* its arrival — had only his own humble idea of courage without *kismet*, and thus felt all the anxiety day and night, for nearly a year, of not knowing at what moment he might receive the happy despatch by being blown into the air.

The Russians had, very shortly after I had anchored my squadron in Batoum, launched several torpedoes at the ships, in spite of my having placed guard-boats across the entrance of the harbor. One of these torpedoes struck the chain of the flag-ship, and went on shore unexploded; another struck on the armored belt of a corvette and exploded, but the blow being at an angle, it did no material injury. After this experience, it was absolutely incumbent on me to take some steps for the safety of the vessels under my command. The means in my power for torpedo defence were unfortunately very limited, but that very fact enabled me to prove that necessity is the mother of invention. For example, the system which I had seen adopted with regard to hostile fleets in torpedo defence, comprised a system of *déclirage* which it was entirely out of my power to employ. Thus, instead of lighting my ships, whereby I should have become a target for the enemy, I, from force of circumstances, was obliged to maintain what was in reality the far better system of utter darkness from sunset to daylight. But of this hereafter.

I will now relate in detail the plan I applied as a defence in regard to the different points mentioned above — namely, the course to be adopted for the safety of ships of war while blockading an enemy's port, while lying at anchor near an enemy's coast, or while cruising in the neighborhood of hostile ships blockading. I think that the ships should be always, when convenient, under way, and with their torpedo-nets out, constantly changing their positions so as not to be easily found by the enemy's torpedo-boats: no

lights whatever should be shown. Should it be necessary to anchor, I think that the ships should be anchored in small detachments, and a system of defence arranged as follows, placed round each ship or detachment.

Boats at a distance of four or five hundred yards will be placed round the squadron at anchor. These boats will be connected together by wire ropes immersed about two feet in the water, and buoyed in the centre. The object of this is to catch the screw of any attacking torpedo-boat. It has been proved that common rope, used for want of anything better, has effectually checked the career and capsized an attacking torpedo-boat in her attempt to destroy a Turkish ship in the Black Sea during the last war; and I know that most satisfactory experiments with the wire rope have been made elsewhere. The result of these experiments was, that a torpedo-boat, steaming nineteen miles an hour, has capsized while dashing full speed on to an imaginary enemy's ship.

It seems to me that this system, carefully applied, would prove a most efficient and thorough defence against torpedo attack. I am aware that the present torpedoes are fitted with screws so sharply edged that they would cut through any rope placed to stop them. With the wire rope this would be impossible. This system of defence would apply to single ships at anchor in the same way as it would apply to a squadron or to a detachment, and I see no reason why a large number of ships should not be protected in a similar way—the only question being, that the radius would have to be increased according to the number of ships, which might prove, if overdone, inconvenient, if not impossible. Objections might be made that in bad weather boats could not keep their positions. I have had ample proof that in bad weather torpedo-boats cannot fire with any accuracy. It therefore tells both ways.

Now as to lying at anchor near an enemy's coast. In this also I have had considerable experience while at Batoum and its neighborhood, where I had frequently under my command twelve or fourteen ships, against which the Russians constantly organized torpedo attacks. All their attacks were unsuccessful, for the following reasons: in the first place, as a most gallant Russian officer informed me after the war, it was very difficult to find Batoum at all. I will diverge for a moment from my point in order to state that

an English naval officer of the highest rank and position informed me that he had tried defence in torpedo warfare, he himself being on board the defending ship, and that he found that the torpedo-boats so easily discovered his vessel in the darkest nights, that, had it been real warfare, she would have been sunk or destroyed.

Now if a man tries to find a thing in the dark in his own bedroom, he can easily find it; but if he goes into another man's bedroom, it will puzzle him vastly to put his hand upon what he wants. I make this comparison because I imagine that the attacking torpedo-boats referred to by this gallant officer came from the immediate neighborhood, and knew pretty well where the object of their attack was lying—knew the bearings and distance before they started to attack her, and thus had very little difficulty in finding their way. The attack by the Russian ships on the Turkish squadrons was generally made from vessels coming from ports two to three hundred miles off, and which, on a pitch-dark night, had to find a harbor where there were no marks or lights of any description. Nothing could be seen beyond the dark outline of the high mountains behind the harbor, which were next to useless as a guide to the anchorage. Moreover, we had a plan of defence at Batoum of a most original nature, proving again that necessity is the mother of invention.

The little port of Batoum and its town were kept, as I have stated, in perfect darkness. The severest penalties were to be incurred by those who showed a light anywhere, and on several occasions infractions of that rule were punished with great severity. On one occasion we caught an old rascal showing a light from the window of a house prominently placed near the sea. The man was instantly seized and bastinadoed. After this, and when one or two other examples had been made, one might have imagined Batoum a city of the dead during the night. From a spit of land we improvised a breakwater, consisting of such trees and spars as we could lay our hands on. These trees and spars were anchored in a line verging towards the beach at a point. To these trees we nailed numbers of thin planks abreast straight down into the water—so making, as it were, a wall of planks about twelve feet deep. The proof of their efficacy was shown one morning by our finding a hole in the planks, and a torpedo diverged from its

course lying on the beach. This torpedo had not exploded, and, when discovered by the guard-boats, was surrounded by gaping inhabitants who, in their astonishment, looked upon this unusual apparition as if it were a huge fish still alive and moving his tail—that tail being, in fact, the screw, which was still in motion. This proved that, as we had anticipated, the direction of the torpedo had been changed on coming into contact with the planks; and instead of going among the ships at anchor, as was intended, it had gone ashore. I think this experience exceedingly interesting, as it shows that very little will turn the direction of a fish torpedo.

On several other occasions attacks were made by torpedo-boats on the ships in the port of Batoum, without any result, beyond a loss to the Russians of three or four torpedoes, which were landed on different parts of the beach, near to which the Turkish men-of-war were lying at anchor. Some of these torpedoes were in such a state of perfection, that Mr. Whitehead the inventor, knowing that we had by their capture become the possessor of his secret, made a special contract with the Turkish government, whereby he was bound to give twenty-five torpedoes at cost price, and wherein it was agreed that the Ottoman Admiralty were to pay nothing for the secret (for which other governments were paying from £12,000 to £15,000) so long as they kept it.

I shall now mention a curious incident which happened to a Turkish squadron lying at anchor and protected by guard-boats, placed somewhat in the manner I have already described. I wish my readers always to remember that the appliances against torpedoes in the Turkish fleet were of the simplest possible description. The squadron consisted of five vessels, which had been in the habit of cruising every night to avoid torpedo attack. On this occasion they had, in consequence of the bad weather, returned to their anchorage. A Russian vessel, carrying five torpedo-boats in tow, started from Odessa to hunt for the Turkish squadron, which was supposed to be cruising off Serpent Island, about eighty miles from Odessa. The Muscovites were unable to find their enemy, and I don't wonder at it, for even had they been cruising off that night, the Ottoman ships used smokeless coal, sailing in open order for safety against collisions, and without showing any lights. The Russian vessel with the torpedo-boats being disappointed in finding what she

wanted at sea, proceeded to the usual place of anchorage of the Turkish squadron off Soulinea mouth. Finding the weather bad, the commander thought that it was best not to attack; but it appears that one of the torpedo-boats, in disobedience of orders, made a dash at the Turkish squadron. This particular boat was armed with the Pole torpedo. The officer in command made a gallant charge at the first Turkish vessel he could discern through the darkness. As he approached her, he found that *something* all of a sudden stopped his way; and he saw several black objects approaching him. Nothing daunted, he struggled to get alongside the vessel under her bows. Finding that he could not succeed in getting quite close, he, in despair, discharged his torpedo, but without doing any harm whatever to the Turkish ship at which he directed it. Scarcely had he done so when (as he described his own sensations afterwards) he found himself in the water without knowing by what process he had got there, or how in the world it had all happened,—the real facts being that the black objects he saw were the guard-boats, which were being drawn closer and closer to him by the ropes that connected them together, which ropes fouling his screw had been the cause of the disaster. His boat was capsized and went to the bottom, whither he would have gone too if he had not been fished out by the crew of one of the Turkish guard-boats and taken prisoner. The greater part of his crew were drowned. The name of this daring young officer was Putskin; and his cool courage was very amusing, for when brought before the commanding officer of the Turkish squadron in a half-drowned condition, he could only exclaim, in excellent English, "Why the devil didn't I blow up that ship!"

He was asked if he had any idea as to what stopped him, and it was suggested to him that a rope between the guard-boats might have fouled his screw.

"Something of that sort must have happened," he answered. "But why the devil didn't I blow up that ship!"

The poor fellow seemed to have no thought regarding the sad plight he was in: he only grieved for not having succeeded in carrying out his object.

He explained to me that the other torpedo-boats which started with him were all armed with the Whitehead torpedo, but that *it was impossible to use it in bad weather*. The Pole torpedo might have done the deed he was so anxious to perform, and with it he might have succeeded

in "blowing up that ship." He was too plucky a fellow to be allowed to go back to the enemy, so we kept him a prisoner till the conclusion of the war; and I only hope that, for its own sake, the Russian Admiralty did not lose sight of such a dashing and determined officer.

While writing on incidents of the war, I will mention another interesting occurrence. A Turkish ironclad was lying off Soukoum Kali. That place being an open roadstead, she was very much exposed, and an excellent object for torpedo attack. A fast Russian cruiser was always hovering about, but the cordon of guard-boats connected by ropes prevented her torpedo-boat from making any attempt. This torpedo-boat was armed with a Harvey torpedo. One night there was to have been an eclipse of the moon. Now there is a superstition among Orientals regarding an eclipse, which caused the look-out to be somewhat relaxed, and the guard-boats to be withdrawn, and nearer the man-of-war than they should have been — in fact, I fear they had gone quite alongside, thinking more of the mysterious eclipse than of their active enemy.

As the eclipse only lasted for about a couple of hours, the steamer carrying the torpedo-boat must have been near in the offing, and should have been seen; although I found, on inquiry, that the system of no lights and no smoke was carried out in the strictest sense by the Russian torpedo-carrying vessel. However this may be, half an hour after the moon was eclipsed the attack was made by a boat carrying a Harvey torpedo. This boat succeeded in getting so near that she was able to make the circuit necessary for firing her torpedo, and, though attacked by the guard-boats, fired it within ten feet of the Turkish ship. A great explosion and much smoke was the result. The lookers-on on shore telegraphed to Sebastopol that they saw the vessel sink. However, so far from that being the case, I found, on visiting her two or three days afterwards, that, except for a slight mark on her side close to the water's edge, no damage was done. On the vessel's return to Constantinople she was put into dock, when it was found that she had been very slightly damaged; in fact it was not necessary to change any of her outside plates. I think that the manœuvres necessary to make the Harvey torpedo efficacious render it a weapon on which little or no reliance can be placed, unless all the hands on board the attacked ship are asleep. I would rather trust to the Pole

than to the Harvey torpedo, though I do not think that either of them counts for much when a sharp look-out is kept. In my opinion the most useful torpedo is a fixed one, fired either by contact or by electric batteries at a distance, especially when they are used in defence of the approaches to forts, the entrances of harbors, of estuaries, etc. According to general opinion, the perfected Whitehead or Swartzkoff torpedo is the only weapon for active service at sea. Let us examine how they can best be utilized. My opinion is that for attack they are of very doubtful efficacy. I remember on one occasion I followed in a very fast frigate (my flag-ship) the emperor of Russia's yacht *Livadia* too near to the fire of the forts of Sebastopol. I say too near, because I drew on my ship such a fire, that, had I not "cleared pretty quickly out of that," I should not have been here to-day to tell the story. Since the war, a Russian naval officer, whose name was Captain Makaroff, A.D.C. to H.M. the emperor of Russia, told me that he had under his command seven torpedo-boats, with which he volunteered to go out — in the daytime it must be remembered — and attack me. We discussed at some length the probable result, and I think that even he admitted that he could have done nothing. Here is my view and argument. I said to him: "When I saw you and your torpedo-boats coming out, I should have run away. Now I could go thirteen or fourteen knots. You could steam about nineteen. Thus your speed following me would have been about five knots — no great speed at which to approach a vessel armed to the teeth with Nordenfeldt guns, guns *en barbette* firing grape, shrapnel, etc. I am convinced that we should have destroyed all the torpedo-boats; and this, I believe, would be the fate of any day attack attempted by them."

"Well, then," said my friend, "I should have followed and attacked you during the night."

"There again," I said, "I think that you would have failed, because if you had been in range of my small guns as well as of shell, say at about three thousand yards, before dark I should have destroyed you. After dark I should have changed my course, and how would you have found me? However, supposing that I had stopped in the night and put down my defences, what could you have done? I don't think that a ship can be seen so as to be fired at a distance of more than four hundred yards on a dark night, and a

moving ship would be a still more difficult mark. If a torpedo-boat came nearer than four hundred yards, she would have been caught by the line of defence, should I have thought it prudent to stop." On this point we had a long and somewhat warm discussion, which ended — at least I flattered myself it did — in the Russian officer remarking that really he thought, after all, that he could have done nothing.

I find that naval men have, as a rule, great confidence in a system of defence against torpedoes by means of nets, and I understand that the ingenuity of the age has invented a plan enabling a ship to steam seven or eight knots without any inconvenience from this modern crinoline. For my part, I do not ignore the utility of this system for want of a better; but I hear rumors of torpedoes which will be able to attack ships at a point that cannot be protected by this plan — namely, under the bottom of the ship, where the protecting net would have no power. But the torpedo, of whatever description, is generally carried in a boat, and if you can manage to catch or destroy the boat, there is an end of the matter.

Now with regard to the power of torpedoes for attacking purposes. I hear it said that during a naval engagement torpedoes can be utilized to a very great extent. In this I am inclined to agree. If torpedoes can accompany squadrons and act independently either against disabled ships or even against ships which might be approached unperceived, there can be no doubt that they would play an important part in a naval engagement. But the difficulty seems to be their remaining constantly at sea in company with a fleet. The French already are drilling their torpedo-boats to accompany a sea-going squadron; but I have a suspicion that, for different reasons, these boats are constantly obliged to return to port. It must be remembered that a torpedo boat is built of the lightest material, and is of the finest workmanship. Very little would therefore tend to put her out of order. I have seen a torpedo-boat before a gale, in a gale, and after a gale, at sea; and although I should be sorry to discourage those who have put faith in her capacity as a sea-boat, still I must say that in the last state the boat presented a very dilapidated appearance.

Although it is the fashion for ironclads to be fitted so as they can launch their own torpedoes, I do not think that they would be able to do so with efficiency, for several reasons — the first being, that a

torpedo is never sure of being fired with accuracy when projected from a height greater than two or three feet above the water. In fact it has been proved that to obtain the so-called accuracy at which they profess to have arrived, the torpedo must be fixed as close as possible to the water's edge, and in the boats now in construction the most important element is the close proximity to the water in which the tubes are placed. I myself have seen torpedoes fired from a ship's broadside, and although on one or two occasions they have been launched with considerable accuracy, I have seen one of them immediately after its submersion fly straight up in the air and endanger the safety of the ship from which it had been fired; so I think that little confidence can be placed, at present, in the efficacy of torpedoes fired from ships' batteries.

There is another essential point as regards the efficacy of sea-going torpedoes during a naval engagement. A torpedo-boat might in the *mêlée* mistake a friend for an enemy. Again, let us suppose that two ships are hotly engaged, and that one of them succeeds in capturing the other. If the conquering ship neglects to hoist on her prize the flag of her nation, a torpedo-boat coming from a distance, and belonging to the captor's nationality, is as likely as not to blow the prize up. This may be rather far-fetched, but more unlikely things have really happened in naval warfare. Coming naval engagements will be soon decided, — the time would be too short and the confusion too great to allow of any accurate action on the part of torpedo-boats. Independent action would be dangerous. I should suggest that torpedo-boats of a smaller class that can be hoisted up should be carried on board men-of-war. These could be used or not as required, by responsible captains, who would be capable of forming an opinion as to the time when they should be utilized.

Now one word about offensive torpedo warfare. Torpedo-boats could be sent from blockading squadrons into an enemy's port, and if the enemy's ships were unprepared, could do, no doubt, a vast amount of injury. Further than this, I am at a loss to perceive how they can be utilized.

I have ventured in this paper to throw some doubt upon the great efficacy of the so-called fish torpedo, inasmuch as I think its danger can be averted. I will now turn to other torpedo inventions, which I think, when perfected, will prove better adapted

to naval warfare. It must be remembered that the origin of the torpedo was in America during the great war between the North and South. The torpedo used, although at that time in its infancy, proved itself to be a most deadly weapon of defence. Placed at the mouths of great rivers, in the rivers themselves, and in shoal water, wherever an enemy was likely to be cruising, it did good service on many occasions. I think I am right when I say that more than fifteen vessels were destroyed by torpedoes during the time that the war lasted. This torpedo was, with some very rare exceptions, used as a mine placed either floating, or at the bottom of the sea or river, and several vessels were thus destroyed while passing over these snares. More than one case of conspicuous daring on the part of the Southern naval officers occurred during the war, while using most effectively what is called the cigar torpedo-boat. This was a craft which, when in motion, was entirely immersed, except the top of the funnel, and might almost be called a submarine torpedo. I remember on one occasion during the war, when I was at Charleston, meeting in a coffee-room at that place a young naval officer (a Southerner), with whom I got into conversation. He told me that that night he was going to sink a Northern man-of-war which was blockading the port, and invited me to see him off. I accompanied him down to his cigar-boat, as he called it, and found that she was a vessel about forty feet long, shaped like a cigar, on the bow of which was placed a torpedo. On his stepping on board with his crew of four men, his boat was immersed till nothing but a small piece of funnel was visible. He moved off into the darkness at no great speed — say at about five miles an hour. The next evening, on visiting the coffee-house, I found my friend sitting quietly smoking his pipe. He told me that he had succeeded in making a hole in the frigate which he had attacked, which vessel could, in fact, be seen lying in shallow water, some seven miles off, careened over to repair damages. But he said that, on the concussion made by firing the torpedo, the water had rushed in through the hatches of his boat, and she had sunk to the bottom. All his men were drowned. He said that he didn't know how he escaped himself, but he fancied that he came up through the hatches, as he found himself floating about, and swam on shore. This affair was officially reported by the American blockading squadron, corroborating

the fact of the injury done to the frigate, and stating that the torpedo-boat was got up, with four dead bodies in her hold. Here is one system which might be utilized in naval warfare if perfected, and I am given to understand that a submarine torpedo-boat is already invented by Mr. Nordenfeldt.

In regard to the fixed torpedoes I have already referred to, the admiral commanding the American squadron told me that on one occasion he was steaming in line, his flag-ship being second in the order of sailing, when suddenly the ship ahead of them disappeared altogether, having struck on a mine; and that he found these mines the most deadly enemies to deal with, especially when the water was not very deep. I have seen a clever invention of Colonel Ley tried at Constantinople. This invention, which is now being put into shape by Mr. Nordenfeldt, struck me as being the weapon of the future, if the present somewhat serious defects — namely, its want of speed and immersion — could be overcome. When I saw it tried, it was steered by electricity, and went very straight for more than a mile. But it was too visible in the water, and only obtained about nine knots' speed, and thus, I think, would have been easily destroyed in the daytime. However, I am given to understand that Mr. Nordenfeldt has partially, if not entirely, overcome the above-named defects. If so, he has a good chance of taking a lead in torpedo manufacture, as he does now in machine-guns. General Berdan also promises great things in torpedoes. If he can do what he professes, he will cut every one out; for he undertakes to give speed, distance, safety against nets and other obstacles, easy steering powers, certainty of direction, etc. I wish him well, but he has been a very long time about it, and so far his trials have shown few satisfactory results.

Now in this paper I have spoken of the fish or Whitehead torpedo, the Harvey, the Pole, the fixed or mine torpedo, the Ley or Nordenfeldt, the cigar-boat, and the Berdan. I have no doubt that there are other inventions, because the fact remains that the torpedo is not perfect — no, not by any means. When it is so, we had better act like the 'coon up a tree in America, who says to the sportsman, whom he knows to be a dead shot, "Don't shoot — I'll come down;" for war would then be too awful.

As the torpedo scare may extend to merchant vessels, I will say a few words

of consolation on that head. A merchant vessel need not fear the torpedo cruiser, because if the vessel carrying the boats which launch that nasty weapon can get near enough for them to use it, she will be near enough to go alongside, for the capture of valuable property is of more importance than its destruction. Moreover, it would be useless to send out torpedo-boats alone to look for prizes. Where could they be sent from? Where would they get coals? And what would they do with the prizes after they had taken them? They cannot carry prize crews; and to destroy a vessel for the sake of destruction would be a wanton act, which would be universally condemned. Besides, a torpedo is a very expensive article to throw away for the sake of destroying an enemy's merchant vessel. So I think that the captains and crews of merchant vessels may breathe freely as far as torpedoes are concerned. It is intended, I understand, to use torpedoes on board regular sea-going vessels of from three to four hundred tons. This seems to me to be a practicable idea; and should the distance a torpedo can be fired be increased, these vessels would be serviceable craft: but so long as four hundred yards is the maximum distance, they would, unless attacking a craft of their own size, be liable to be knocked to pieces before they could get within torpedo range of the enemy; and it must be remembered that they would be a much larger target than the torpedo-boats.

One word more. I would ask my naval friends how they would judge distance at night when firing their torpedoes, and how they propose to approach ships guarded with nets and boats? Remember, also, that ships can cruise with their nets down. The fact is, that what frightens people is the great speed at which they see the devilish-looking torpedo-boat dashing by them. They do not take into consideration the damage that great speed would cause to the torpedo-boat itself, in the event of its meeting any obstacle, or being obliged to stop suddenly. For example, a curious case occurred lately on this coast. A torpedo-boat was obliged to stop suddenly, the result being that her machinery came to utter grief, and three men were killed by the fires being thrown out of the furnaces, and on to them; and I repeat that a boat fouling a wire rope was capsized and sunk, through the sudden check of her great impetus through the water. Taking into consideration all the experiences that I have narrated in

this paper, I think that I am justified in saying that fish-torpedo warfare is to a great extent a bugbear, and though not to be entirely despised, may be designated as the "naval scare of the day."

From The Saturday Review.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

A DRAWING-ROOM day has formed the subject of many a social essay, and has been introduced as a feature in many a novel. The block of carriages in St. James's Street, the club windows full of ogling and criticising dandies, the silver wigs of the coachmen, the bouquets and calves of the footmen, and the retiring loveliness of the bashful *débutantes*, affording a charming contrast to the maturer charms of the mothers and dowagers, have all been expatiated upon over and over again. The queen's drawing-room is, in fact, an old-established British institution, and is justly looked upon by a certain section of the public as one of the few gratuitous shows afforded by a residence in, or a visit to, the metropolis.

But to those who can remember the glories of a drawing-room forty or fifty years ago, the ceremony of the present day must present but a sorry and insignificant spectacle in comparison with what they were accustomed to in their youth. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," is in this case an unusually apt quotation, and from a spectacular point of view the new order certainly cannot hold a candle to the old. The stately C-spring chariot, which in the old days was considered the only suitable carriage for a person of any distinction to go to court in, has almost entirely dropped out of everyday use; and although a few will still be brought out for State occasions, they form the exception instead of the rule, and it cannot in the nature of wood and iron work be very long before the last of them disappear altogether. In their place we find "landaus" of various builds and various degrees of smartness, and every variety of brougham, from the neat and exquisitely finished productions of Barker or Thrupp to the shapeless and weather-beaten vehicle with dingy panels and generally shabby-genteel appearance. With the decadence of the chariot has also supervened a falling off in the style of the once magnificent retainers who accompanied it. A cluster of three or perhaps four stately footmen up behind, now only

seen in the case of very illustrious personages, was, nothing very much out of the common, each one of whom was in himself a thing of beauty and an object of interest to an admiring crowd. But even where a chariot is now seen it has usually but one or, at the most, two gentlemen in livery on the footboard, who, so far from taking a proper pride in their position and functions, are apt to display a self-consciousness that seems almost to amount to a sense of shame, and that is by no means in keeping with traditional associations. And, to come down to details, it is impossible for any well-regulated mind to observe without some tinge of regret the lamentable deterioration in the size and quality of the bouquets worn on these occasions. Most of us are familiar with Leech's caricature of the coachman who, on being asked for his reason for leaving his last place, was compelled to state that at the last drawing-room he had been put off with a bouquet that had been made up in the housekeeper's room instead of being ordered from Covent Garden. No person of proper feeling could have failed to sympathize with the worthy man under such painful circumstances, or to recognize the insult to his cloth which he so justly resented. But we fear that many a coachman nowadays has to put up with still further indignities; and of the few so called bouquets that custom still continues here and there to affix to the manly breasts of coachmen and footmen, the majority are scarcely worthy of even the housekeeper's room, and are, on the whole, more suggestive of having been bought in the street. The utilitarian spirit of the age seems to have overspread even such a time-honored institution as the queen's drawing-room; and the theory has been tacitly, though generally, accepted that the days when it was thought desirable to make a show have gone by, and that it now represents nothing more than a tiresome, though necessary, function, to be got through with as little trouble as possible. A drawing-room nowadays is, in fact, only redeemed from being a dull procession of carriages by the presence of a military element; though, as long as the Household Cavalry, with their brilliant uniforms, their picturesquely attired bands, and their manifold popular attractions, continue to form a part of the show, there will always be something bright and imposing about it.

The most splendid and glittering of pageants, however, has always its reverse

side; and even if no one were allowed to appear at court in any vehicle beneath the dignity of a coach and four, with domestics to correspond, there would be plenty of room for the moralist to indulge in reflections upon the vanity of the whole proceeding. Much has been said of the hardships undergone by delicate ladies through exposure in slight attire to the chilling blasts of an English spring; of weary waitings in cold and unaired reception-rooms and ugly rushes at barriers; of the imperiousness and stern demeanor of gentleman ushers and subordinates of the lord chamberlain's department; of the solemn moment when the struggling crowd is suddenly marshalled into single file, and seasoned dowager and trembling *débutante* have to pass alone and unsupported into the presence of their sovereign; and last, though not least, of the indescribable feeling of relief and thankfulness when the last curtsy has been made, and, gathering up the voluminous folds of her train, happy if it is still intact and untrod upon, the fair courtier emerges into the corridor with a delightful sense of having successfully passed through a trying ordeal, and of being free to converse with her friends who have also passed, or to criticise and condole with those whose trial is still to come. There are doubtless certain grounds for such reflections; and it would be impossible to deny that ladies who attend a drawing-room must be prepared to undergo a certain amount of discomfort. But for a good deal of this it may, perhaps, on the other hand, be hinted, they have only themselves to blame. It is not, as a rule, colder by day than by night, even from February till May; and if ladies were to take the same precautions when going to a drawing-room as they habitually do when going to a ball, they would possibly have less to complain of in the way of colds and other attendant ailments. As it is, a fond mother, who would be horrified at the idea of taking her child to a ball any night in the season without an elaborate arrangements of wraps, will let her shiver for an hour or more in the Mall in what is practically a ball dress, with little or no protection from the raw, damp atmosphere of early spring; and is then surprised and indignant if the result be that her darling is laid up for a fortnight. No doubt, too, the waiting and the crowd inside the palace are very trying both to strength and patience, and it is here, perhaps, that the greatest danger is experienced in regard to draughts or chills. Wraps must, of course, be discarded on

entering, and it is unquestionably a serious matter for a delicate person to have to pass perhaps a couple of hours in a series of large, uninhabited, and consequently imperfectly aired, rooms, and in a costume, moreover, that is only suited for warmth and candlelight. It might be out of place on our part to volunteer suggestions to the high authorities to whom is entrusted the regulation of such matters. Her Majesty is well known to take a special interest in everything relating, not only to the welfare, but also to the personal comfort, of her subjects; and it may safely be assumed that the lord chamberlain and his staff have instructions to do everything in their power for the convenience of ladies and gentlemen attending her Majesty's court. But so universal, and apparently so well founded, have been the complaints on this score that it is difficult to understand why any grounds for them should still remain, as a very little care and foresight would appear to be necessary in order to secure that the rooms to be used should be thoroughly aired and warmed before those attending the drawing-room are admitted. This is perhaps the only serious accusation that can justly be brought against the "management" on these occasions. No doubt the long waitings in each room are very tedious and wearying, and the crowding and pressing at the various barriers must always be very annoying and trying to the temper. But as long as ladies continue to display their loyalty by flocking to court, it is difficult to see how a certain amount of crowding is to be avoided. It might possibly be within the resources of science to devise some more complete system of barriers or "pens," to be worked somewhat according to the "absolute block" system of a railway, no person being admitted into one space or section until its previous occupants had all passed into the next. Such an arrangement might, however, be held to interfere almost too much with the liberty of the subject, and would certainly be rather suggestive of a cattle-market. But, anyhow, ladies who come to court must expect to be put under at least a show of discipline, and ought not to complain if their natural and charming tendency to get into mischief requires that they should be kept well in hand. Those elegant gentlemen in silk stockings and curiously laced coats, whose calves only require a little professional cultivation and whose hair a little powder to make them very respectable imitations of

John and Jeames, have after all a delicate and responsible duty to discharge. The slightest exhibition of indecision or want of firmness on their part might have the most serious results; and the idea of Buckingham Palace with some six or seven hundred ladies in a state of panic or insubordination is almost too dreadful to contemplate. The fact is — and this is not sufficiently realized — that a drawing-room is an important State function, and, as such, requires to be conducted with something approaching to military precision and discipline. Every person present is for the time being an actor in the ceremony, and cannot complain if expected to act strictly under orders.

It is perhaps to be regretted, having regard to the uncertainty of the British climate, and the important part played by the weather on such occasions, that immemorial custom has decreed that drawing-rooms should take place in the daytime. No one who has witnessed a drawing-room at the viceregal court in Dublin can have failed to contrast it favorably in many respects with the same ceremony in London. The mere fact of its being in the evening and after dinner deprives the ceremony of a great deal of its normal coldness and stiffness, and imparts to it something of the character of a stately social entertainment. Jewels sparkle with additional lustre; dresses show to greater advantage; and complexions that are perhaps scarcely equal to the cold glare of daylight look positively charming under the mellow effulgence of wax candles, or even a judicious and properly subdued application of the electric light. The brilliant drawing-room recently held at Dublin Castle by the Princess of Wales may possibly have suggested, or rather revived, the idea of introducing the same system in London; and should this ever come about, there can be no doubt that it would be hailed with enthusiasm by all directly concerned. The only real argument in favor of holding drawing-rooms by day is that pageants of any kind are so rare in London that it would not be fair to deprive the public of what is even now a popular show. But, after all, the proportion of the public who come to see it must necessarily be comparatively limited; and the comfort and convenience of the actors in such a ceremony is perhaps of more importance than the amusement of the lookers-on.

There is one other consideration which can hardly fail to suggest itself to the in-

telligent spectator of one of these functions — namely, what is the object of it all? This, however, opens up a delicate subject upon which we have some diffidence in entering; but we fear that the answer can hardly be regarded as altogether satisfactory. The primary object of attending a drawing-room or levée is, of course, to pay a tribute of respect to the sovereign. But the notion of a *quid pro quo* may associate itself even with a State ceremony; and it is probable that, if there were no such things as State balls and State concerts, a large proportion of those who now "go to court" would be satisfied with some other means of testifying their devotion to the crown. It is to be feared that the experiences of many of these excellent and loyal persons must be very disappointing, and suggestive of nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. We believe that a theory once existed, and perhaps still exists to a certain extent, that those who attended drawing-rooms and levées might reasonably expect to be invited in due course to some court entertainments. Thirty or forty years ago, when "society" was a very different thing from what it is now, and when few persons below a certain social or official rank thought it any part of their business to go to court, this may have been very generally the case. But it is a very different thing nowadays, and as the number of quasi-courtiers has increased at least threefold, while the number and standard of the court entertainments remain the same as ever, it is obvious that it would be impossible to apply this theory to existing circumstances. Some system of selection must therefore necessarily be resorted to, and the natural result must be to provoke a good deal of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, on the part of those who are not so fortunate as to be included in the lists of invitations. It would certainly seem no very dangerous innovation to add another State ball or two to the annual hospitalities of Buckingham Palace, and some day this may perhaps be found expedient and practicable. Every year the complaints grow louder as to the decadence of the London season, and nothing would tend so much to restore life to the depressing state of things that seems to exist at present as some expansion of courtly festivities. We might then, perhaps, look for a partial revival, at least, of the by-gone glories of the drawing-room, which would regain in a great measure its original social meaning and importance.

From The Leisure Hour.

"THE FATHER OF GERMAN MUSIC."—
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

THERE was a miller, by name Veit Bach, who lived at Wechmar, in Saxe-Gotha, about the year 1600. He had considerable taste for music, and his principal enjoyment consisted in playing the *Cythrigen* (probably a zither) to the clattering accompaniment of his turning mill-wheels. It was a happy union of business and pleasure. This taste for music was still more marked in his sons. Most of the family adopted music as a profession, and the best posts as organists in their native province came at last to be filled by Bachs. They furnish a remarkable example of hereditary genius — one of the most striking, indeed, on record. Through four consecutive generations the Bachs followed the same calling with enthusiasm, and no fewer than fifty musicians entitled to an honorable place in the history of the art are to be found amongst them. Their musical name and musical nature kept company for nearly two hundred years, at the end of which time the spell was broken, and the artistic pre-eminence of the Bachs came to an end. Union is strength, so they kept close together, ready to give each other not only good advice, but material assistance. Every year they held a family meeting at Erfurt, Eisenach, or Arnstadt, and had musical performances together. These annual gatherings give an idea of the strength of the clan; at one of them no fewer than a hundred and twenty Bachs, all musicians, were present. The greatest of them, the Bach of Bachs, was Johann Sebastian, to whom considerable attention is now being directed, the bicentenary of his birth having fallen this year. To speak of him is the object of the present article. The leading events in the life of Johann Sebastian Bach are soon told. They are neither numerous nor striking. He was born at Eisenach on March 21, 1685, and was the youngest son of Ambrosius Bach. Unhappily, when he was ten years old both his father and mother died. An elder brother, organist at Ohrdruff, then took charge of him and continued the musical instruction which had been begun by the father, adding to the practice of the violin that of the organ and clavichord. The young Sebastian showed himself in haste to make progress, and was ambitious to play much more advanced music than the brother thought proper. There is a tradition that the latter had a manuscript volume of pieces for the clavichord by the most cele-

brated composers of the day, and on mastering this collection Johann Sebastian had set his heart. The use of it was refused. Entreaty having failed, the boy tried cunning. He managed to withdraw it surreptitiously through the lattice-work door of a cupboard in which it was kept, and — having no means to buy candles — copied it by the light of the moon. These stealthy labors lasted during the moonlight nights of six months. When the brother found out the trick that had been played he, rather shabbily, one is inclined to think, took the boy's copy away, and Johann Sebastian only recovered it on his brother's death, which happened soon afterwards. Thrown, when that event took place, on his own resources, he made a marketable commodity of a fine soprano voice with which he was gifted, and began his professional career in a choir at Lüneburg. Whilst at Lüneburg he used frequently to go to Hamburg in order to hear the celebrated organist Reinken play. It is related that once when he had lingered at Hamburg longer than his means allowed, he had only two shillings in his pocket on his way back to Lüneburg. Before he reached home he felt very hungry, and stopped outside an inn, from the kitchen of which proceeded such tempting odors as made him painfully aware of the disproportion of his appetite to his purse. His hungry appearance seems to have struck with compassion some casual lookers-on, for he heard a window open, and saw two herring heads thrown out into the road. The sight of these remains of what are such a popular article of food in Thüringen, his old home, made his mouth water; he picked them up eagerly, and great was his surprise on pulling them to pieces to find a Danish ducat concealed in each of them. This discovery enabled him not only to satisfy his wants at the moment, but to make his next journey to Hamburg in a more comfortable manner. The unknown benefactor, who no doubt peeped out of the window to watch the result of his good-nature, made no attempt to know more of the boy. When eighteen years old Bach obtained a musical situation in connection with the Court of Weimar, and saw something there of aristocratic life. It was a homely court; it went to bed at eight o'clock in winter and nine in summer. His reputation grew; he soon became known as the greatest organist of his time, and his services were much sought after. From Weimar he went to be organist at Arnstadt, then to Mühlhausen, then to Weimar again — as

court organist this time. Other changes followed, but we come to the last in 1723, when he was appointed cantor at the Thomas-Schule in Leipzig and organist and director of the music in the two principal churches. There he remained for the rest of his life. Ever since his boyhood Bach had been near-sighted, and at last his vision entirely failed. He died of apoplexy on July 28, 1750. As regards the personal appearance of this great musician, his countenance is described as one of singular dignity and refinement. Thick eyebrows stood out from beneath his great forehead, and he had that long, firm nose which they say fortune gives to her favorites that she may use it as a handle when she draws them to the front. His knitted brows might be taken to indicate severity of character; but, remarks one writer, "the impression is softened by the sweet sensitive lines of the mouth." He was quick-tempered, and fired up sometimes at very trifling opposition. But excuses must be made for the irritation of an artist when he finds himself opposed and unappreciated by the Philistines. The worshipful Corporation of Arnstadt once rebuked Bach for his "perplexing variations and strange harmonies whereby the congregation was confounded," and on such an occasion no doubt he needed a stock of good temper. He also had occasional disputes at Leipzig with his employers, the town councillors, who were sometimes shocked by the "unclerical" style of his compositions and by the independent way in which he conducted himself. But there was a genial side to Bach's character, and in his relations as husband, father, and friend he secured the admiration of all who knew him. He was of a deeply religious spirit, and this is evident in everything he undertook during his busy life. Modesty has never been a characteristic of musicians, but Bach was modest. The question was once put to him how he had acquired his great talent. "By working hard," he replied; "and all who like to work as hard will succeed just as I have done." He was twice married. The death of his first wife, Maria Barbara, forms one of the few melancholy events of his career. He was returning from a pleasant visit to Carlsbad, and when on the road and no news could reach him his wife suddenly fell sick and died. When he arrived at his own door, full of happiness at the thought of seeing her again, he found that she was already buried. His second wife, Anna Magdalena, was fifteen years his junior, but — thanks to

similarity of taste—she proved an admirable companion; helping in his work and sharing in his pleasures. By his first wife he had seven children, by his second thirteen—there were twenty in all, eleven boys and nine girls. Bach's inventive capacity was shown not only in his adoption of equal temperament, and his innovations in the art of fingering—for in that too he introduced great improvements—but in the construction of a new instrument, the lute-harpsichord (*Lautclavicymbel*). This instrument had surprising brilliancy of tone. The difficulty of tuning, however, led to its abandonment, and no wonder, if in that respect it at all resembled the first of the instruments from which it derived its name. Let us speak now of Bach in his higher character as a composer. A great creative genius he certainly was: one of the most remarkable, indeed, of the monarchs of the world of music. His inexhaustible fertility, the novel and independent character of his work, its profound science, and deep earnestness, all entitle him to lasting fame. Comparisons have often been drawn between Bach and Handel. They were contemporary musical giants, both born in the same year. Their styles are as different as their lives; the difference between the two, it has been well said, "is the same as that which lies between a great philosopher and a great epic poet—between Plato and Homer." They are equally great in their ways, but the poet will be understood with less effort than the philosopher, and listened to with more pleasure. The fame of Bach excited the curiosity of Frederick the Great, and this resulted in an invitation in 1747 to the court at Potsdam. It was the last journey undertaken by the composer. His arrival was announced just as the king was beginning a flute solo at a State concert. The monarch laid down his instrument, and turning to the musicians who were waiting to accompany him, "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "old Bach has come!" There was no flute playing that evening. Bach was taken from room to room of the palace, and had to play on all the Silbermann pianofortes, instruments which the king particularly admired, and of which he had a considerable number. Gratified by the respect and kindness of his reception, the composer did his best, and excited the greatest wonder by his improvisations. A theme which the king gave him was worked up on his return to Leipzig, and it was dedicated to Frederick the Great under the title of "Musikal-

isches Opfer." But if Bach was famous during life, little regard seems for some time after his death to have been shown to his memory. His widow had a struggle to exist, and died a pauper at last, ten years after her husband. Then Leipzig, of which he was such a distinguished ornament, rooted up St. John's Churchyard, where he had been laid to rest, and threw it into a road, and the composer's bones were scattered, no one apparently caring what became of them.

JAMES MASON.

From The Spectator.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S YOUTH.

MR. RALPH DISRAELI has given the world a great pleasure, in recalling to us what we venture to regard as the essence of his distinguished brother, by the publication of some of the dashing and glittering letters which he sent home from Spain, the Mediterranean, and Egypt in the years 1830 and 1831. They bring before us the most unique and even startling figure in our modern politics with singular force, and sometimes we seem to be reading allegories anticipative of Mr. Disraeli's actual career. If Carlyle had read these letters before the publication of his clothes philosophy,—and had he known Mr. Disraeli's family he might have done so,—what illustrations for that book would they not have suggested to him! Naturally enough, the first thing which strikes and delights Disraeli is the variety of the Spanish costumes; and one of the first messages to his mother tells her that as it is the custom at Gibraltar not to wear waistcoats in the morning, "her new studs came into fine play, and maintain my reputation of being a great judge of costume, to the admiration and envy of many subalterns. I have also the fame of being the first who ever passed the Straits with two canes, a morning and an evening cane. I change my cane as the gun fires, and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful the effect these magical wands produce. I owe to their use more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it? I forget." But much more characteristic than his dress and his delight in flashing new and brilliant costumes on the eyes of his acquaintances, is Mr. Disraeli's *use* of dress as a moral instrument. As the author of "Vivian Grey," he felt it necessary to keep up a reputation for a certain pictur-

esque insolence, and he does it by the instrumentality of dress. When a pedant bored him he gave him a lecture on "canes" "which made him stare," and offended him, as Disraeli intended. In Malta he created quite an enthusiasm by donning the costume of a Greek pirate. "A blood-red shirt, with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue-striped jacket and trowsers," quite electrified the garrison town. He got five invitations to dinner in the course of one walk down the chief street here. And in Turkey he made costume go further still. When he is speaking of his visit to Yanina, he writes: "I forgot to tell you that with the united assistance of my English, Spanish, and fancy wardrobe, I sported a costume in Yanina which produced a most extraordinary effect on that costume-loving people. A great many Turks called on purpose to see it; but the little Greek physician, who had passed a year at Pisa in his youth, nearly smoked me. 'Questo vestito Inglese o di fantasia?' he aptly asked. I oracularly replied, 'Inglese e fantastico.'" One can imagine Lord Beaconsfield making the same reply to an intelligent foreigner in after days, if he had been asked, "That policy of yours; is it an English or a fancy policy?" "An English and a fancy policy," he would certainly have answered, if he had been even as frank in those latter days as he was with the Greek physician, to whom, nevertheless, he would have been much franker if he had said, "Not English at all, but fancy only." It is clear, however, that Mr. Disraeli used costume very much as he used language, to express not so much his mind as his audacity, his resolve to be different from every one else, to show the world that he could keep its attention, and yet *not* conform to its will; that he chose to mould his own fashions, to amuse himself by bewildering its weak intelligence, and finally to work on it his own will. We have a curious instance of this in a letter written to his father from Malta, when he announces quite authoritatively to the old gentleman his philosophy of life: "To govern men," he says, "you must either excel them in their accomplishments, or despise them. Clay does one, and I do the other; and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday at the racket-court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered, and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and ob-

serving a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day." If this had been a mere affectation, without being frankly confessed to himself and his friends as a gross affectation, we should simply have despised Disraeli for it. But an affectation adopted for the audacity of the freak, as Mr. Disraeli's affectations were adopted, somehow does not impress us exactly as common affectations do; they are rather improvised modes of saying: "Look at me; here you see a man who is quite willing to boast of being what every one else would despise, if only he can thereby convey to the world that he despises it, much more than it can despise him." Again and again you find in these letters remarkable anticipations of Mr. Disraeli's future career. The delight, for instance, with which he records that he "made an immense sensation" in one land after another, suggests an explanation of the often fantastic conceits of his future speeches, as when he would propose to let the British Chambers of Commerce elect some of the members of the Indian Council, or describe the union of Church and State as resting on "the Semitic principle," or argue that we ought to have used our guarantee to Prussia of her Saxon provinces, given in the Treaty of Vienna, as a weapon to deter France from going to war with Prussia in 1870. Such flourishes were very like his request to the stiff rifleman to throw back the tennis-ball for him on the ground that he had never thrown a ball in his life. At all events they certainly answered the same purpose of making men stare, and being "the subject of conversation at all the messes" on the following day.

Disraeli landed at Cyprus, and passed a day "on land famous in all ages, but more delightful to me as the residence of Fortunatus [of the magic purse], than as the rosy realm of Venus, or the romantic kingdom of the Crusaders." Was it then, we wonder, that he formed the wish, worthy of Fortunatus not only in its wildness but in its marvellous fulfilment, to add Cyprus, by his own unassisted volition, to the kingdom of which he was a subject? At all events, who can affirm, looking to the happy-go-lucky character of the policy by which he achieved this stroke, that it would ever have been achieved at all, if Mr. Disraeli had not landed on the island of Cyprus in his youth, and associated it

with the happy spot on which Fortunatus was born? The air of grandiose caprice by which these letters of travel are so pleasantly permeated, had more to do with Mr. Disraeli's political future than most of his admiring followers would be inclined to admit. And when Sir Robert Gordon (the brother of the late Lord Aberdeen), our ambassador at Constantinople, made him "tumble head over heels" at a game of forfeits played in that city, he certainly was the means of making Disraeli prefigure, like the more figurative Hebrew prophets, one of the earliest and most remarkable of his political evolutions.

Of course these letters display the enormous vitality and energy of Mr. Disraeli. No danger daunted him, no fatigue repelled him, no horror, among the many minor horrors of foreign travel, disgusted him with adventure. But there is also a premonitory sign of his weakness as a minister in the very characteristic avowal, "You know that, though I like to be at my ease, I want energy in those little affairs of which life greatly consists. Here I found Clay always ready; in short, he saved me from much bore." Mr. Disraeli hated detail, even in cases where detail

was of the very essence of statesmanship. He had an overflowing spontaneity of vitality, but very little of what by no means necessarily accompanies it,—the power of attending closely to the uninteresting means, for the sake of the interesting end. He liked life to be all interesting, and neglected too much the routine toil which was needful to secure success for the more attractive parts of it. He wanted to find fresh interest in everything, even, for instance, in the costume of his servants, as well as in his own. He laments bitterly over the loss of a servant "who wore a Mameluke dress of crimson and gold, with a white turban thirty yards long, and a sabre glittering like a rainbow," especially as he had to content himself "with an Arab attendant in a blue shirt and slipperless," in that servant's place. Throughout these amusing letters you see that Lord Beaconsfield wished to lead a life with a uniformly glittering surface, and indeed greatly preferred pain and hardship, with excitement, to mere comfortable dulness and jog-trot without it. The delight in a brilliant superficialities for his life, seems the animating spirit of these youthful letters. It was the animating spirit, also, of his political career.

ENAMELLED GLASS.—About fifteen years ago there were seen for the first time in the glass cases of collectors certain remarkable objects of glass, which were ornamented with Oriental decorations of the purest and most delicate character, including gold arabesques, etc. These objects, though of modern workmanship (mosque lamps, etc.), were high in price. They were only to be obtained of the inventor, M. Brocard, and did not appear in the ceramic trade. They were first exhibited by the Union Centrale des Arts Appliqués à l'Industrie in 1869. Specialists and archaeologists, however, knew that this was no new invention, but simply an imitation of Damascus glass, which at a remote period had been employed in the East for kindred purposes. It doubtless originated from the glass industry near Damascus, and traces of enamelled glass have been found under circumstances which point to the employment of that ornamentation in ancient times; but its application to articles of ordinary use seems doubtful. In the treasury of St. Stephen's Cathedral, at Vienna, there are a flask and a vase of remark-

able beauty, which afford valuable information on the subject. The flask bears an inscription, which has been deciphered by H. Scheffer, and which indicates the eighth century as the date of its manufacture. Although Damascus was doubtless the centre of this manufacture, Mansourah and Alexandria are known to have produced excellent work at a later period. The Venetian glass of the thirteenth century bears evidence of a desire to reproduce this Oriental form of decoration; but the imitations were less transparent and the relief work less marked in its character. M. Brocard discovered the process during researches he was compelled to make in order to repair a valuable mosque lamp of genuine Oriental workmanship. It may be remarked that Venetian and Bohemian factories have for a long time used glass colors and gold for decorative purposes, but the productions of M. Brocard display a marked superiority in every respect. Bohemian glass is not really enamelled, but is very well painted with glass colors and fired with a weak fire. It is not durable, and is easily injured by chloric acid.

Pottery Gazette.